

The Reader's Digest



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Number 51

JULY NINETEEN TWENTY-SIX

Your periodical is a great "hit" here. One trouble is that men sit up into the "wee small hours" of the night to peruse it, and that is not conducive to health.—J. W. Lowrie, 38 Quinsan Road, Shanghai, China.

In its field the Digest helps as much as "Time" does in its field. You may be interested to know that I am the father of the editor of "Time."—Henry W. Luce, Vice-President, Peking University, Peking, China.

I congratulate you heartily on your fourth birthday. 'Twas a lucky day for your readers when you were born. Your Digest is by far the *best* and *most useful* magazine that comes to my desk.—Rev. Clinton Wunder, Baptist Temple, Rochester, N. Y.

We recommend a new discovery, The Reader's Digest which reprints some thirty of the leading magazine articles of the month, in shortened form—a blessing for the busy librarian harassed with schedules and statistics, when she would rather be browsing among her wares.—New York Public Library Staff Bulletin.

How I ever got along without this magazine, I do not now understand. I do not see how anyone, even with limited time for current reading, could become or remain narrow if he read this little Digest month by month. Thanks for the excellent service.—Wm. H. Manshardt, 557 West 46 St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Here is my belated check. It is just the magazine for one too busy to pay for it.—Fla.

May I take this opportunity of repeating what must be to you the old, old story, namely, that I consider the Digest indispensable and that I find each article in every issue most interesting.—Malcolm S. Taylor, 401 E. Washington St., Greenville, S. C.

Permit me to thank you for the excellent service you are rendering to busy people. It gives more helpful information than any other magazine that comes to our home. It is the only one that I endeavor to read from cover to cover.—John A. Altman, 116 West Church St., Urbana, Ohio.

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The Reader's Digest

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Vol. 5

JULY 1926

Serial No. 51

Dr. Eliot Looks Ahead

Condensed from Collier's, The National Weekly (May 29, '26)

An Interview with Dr. Charles W. Eliot, by John B. Kennedy

DR. CHARLES W. ELIOT, president emeritus of Harvard University, the accepted oracle of his country, looks at the world in his 92nd year and from a vista of four generations of distinguished service sees a prospect more promising than ever for the youth of America.

"If I had the opportunity to say a final word to all the young people of America, it would be this: Don't think too much about yourselves. Try to cultivate the habit of thinking of others; this will reward you. Nourish your minds by good reading, constant reading. Discover what your life work is, work in which you can be happiest. Be unafraid in all things when you know you are in the right.

"America must cling to ideals and promote them. Selfishness is no less fatal to national than to individual fulfillment.

"The minute you begin to think of yourself only you are in a bad way. You cannot develop because you are choking the source of development, which is spiritual expansion through thought for others.

"And so with the nation. If we remain in purse-proud isolation we may be secure, but that security will be purchased at the cost of our souls. America must take the responsibility

vested in her nature and be a partner, not a patron, of all the world.

"Selfishness always brings its own revenge. It cannot be escaped.

"Be unselfish. That is the first and final commandment for those who would be useful, and happy in their usefulness.

"Have no fear for the future. It will take care of itself if we take care of ourselves.

"Too much has been written and talked about the willfulness and wildness of young Americans. I have seen children grow into men and women during four generations. The manners of our youth today are queer, but their morals are no worse than those of their predecessors.

"The freer condition of women politically and in the field of livelihood-earning has brought about social change. I see nothing to regret in that unless it be that American women are getting away from motherhood.

"Our high standard of living, with its impulse to continuous pleasure-seeking, carries a penalty. It forces on life rigid economic regulation; it tends to put selfishness at a premium.

"This standard has been steadily improved for working people. The days are happily gone when American workmen received a dollar a day and

were continually menaced by immigrants coming into this country daily by the thousands. I believe the era of struggle between capital and labor is drawing to a close because it is so well known that this struggle is unprofitable for both. I believe unions in labor will pass and combinations among employers will pass, for the common sense of arbitration without organized moral or physical force is becoming more apparent and convincing.

"We have in alcoholism a major evil which must be fought. Although I drank stimulants moderately—beer and wine—until I was past 80, becoming teetotaler at the time of the war and remaining so ever since—I see distinct advantages for our country in prohibition, if it can be enforced, and I think it can.

"When we had local option in the state of Massachusetts in the old liquor days there was the same sort of surreptitious drinking that now prevails. Women would carry bottles of spirits in their purses and hip flasks were as general in dry territory as they are now.

"I believe it may be advisable to amend the Volstead law slightly to permit the manufacture and sale of light beer; but beyond that it would be dangerous to go.

"Regulation, as practiced by the government in parts of Canada, may abolish bootlegging, but I cannot see that it promotes temperance.

"New generations will find that they can get along without liquor, even though many of the young are now drinkers who might not have been otherwise. But I believe their number is balanced by those who do not drink but who would drink if liquor were legal and cheap. When the discovery is made by young Americans that drink is neither desirable nor useful, prohibition will be truly effective because then it will be an accepted and not a controversial fact.

"We must restore our collapsed religious and moral ideals through a per-

sistent will to culture. Our youth should read, read, read. Science may facilitate the use of the senses in acquiring knowledge—through motion pictures and the radio. But I do not believe these will supplant the surest process of instruction—reading. While science may improve the ease and pleasure of life it can never replace the will to learn as an instrument of culture.

"American youth has its opportunity. I hope for a nation of cultured men and of women who have the greatest of feminine attributes—charm.

"A friend of mine recently returned from an archeological expedition in Greece. I asked him what most impressed him there and he said that in obscure parts of the Hellenic country where the ancient Greek blood survived, he was impressed by the charm of the peasant women working the fields, women who walked like queens and who carried themselves even in menial tasks with inborn dignity. That is the most desirable asset for women—native charm. As our country grows older and enlightenment progresses, that will come."

I left this man who knows the world so well and the part men must play in it. He arose slowly and had I not seen his face, I should have thought he was in pain as he struggled down a winding path to the foot of a cliff where he entered a boat for the daily sail that is his only physical recreation in his great age. I thought of the thousands of young men who had passed under the eyes of this great scholar, of the millions into whose lives the influence of his thought had penetrated. A citizen who had seen his country rent by civil war to rise from torture and error to prosperity unprecedented in all history.

"We may not meet again," he had said to me softly, but with no trace of sadness, "for I fancy I have not long to wait now."

Going, I lifted my hat in reverence to this old man gazing over the eternal sea.

Emptying a City's Pork Barrel

Condensed from *The World's Work* (June '26)

Frank R. Kent

BALTIMORE has done something new—something so simple, effective, and sound that it is surprising that no other city seems to have thought of it before.

With no exciting wave of reform, with no "campaign" or "drive," with no "rescue of government from politicians,"—in fact, with nothing but some sensible thinking, some quiet planning, and some hard but almost noiseless work, Baltimore got its wasteful, unwieldy, typically American government upon as sound a business basis as a typically American mail-order house.

The thing Baltimore did was entirely different from the things most cities had done, for Baltimore accomplished its extremely thoroughgoing administrative revolution without really changing its government or its methods of government at all.

In the spring of 1923, William J. Casey, a Baltimore banker, received in his mail a tax bill which shocked him. It was a bill for taxes on the 16-story office-building of the Continental Trust Co., of which Mr. Casey is Vice-President. In four or five years, the taxes had increased from 24 cts. per square foot of floor space to 61 cts., and Mr. Casey had no idea why.

He talked to some friends about it, and found that the same thing had occurred to them. Taxes! Mysterious, inscrutable taxes! But no one had ever bothered to get at the bottom of the mystery.

There was something new, however, in Mr. Casey's ensuing course of conduct. A Baltimore newspaper man heard a hint of what Mr. Casey had on his mind, and published an interview with him. By this time the banker had a

definite plan for trying to rationalize city government. A brief investigation had strengthened his conviction that the city government, involving the collection and expenditure of millions of dollars a year, was being handled with less business sense than the finances of a church oyster supper.

And he had succeeded in imparting these convictions to a considerable group of the leading business men of Baltimore.

A Mayoralty campaign was under way, characterized by an almost total absence of any real issue. "Take hold of the Casey plan!" someone told Howard W. Jackson, the Democratic nominee. "As the business man's candidate, get behind this scheme for a business-like government!"

Jackson did it. He promised, if elected, to appoint a commission on economy and efficiency which should put the city government on a business basis regardless of politics. And it is to his everlasting credit that he kept that promise.

An hour after he had been sworn into office, in May, 1923, Mayor Jackson wrote to a group of the largest tax-paying corporations in the city, inviting them to name representatives to serve on the new commission, to undertake a complete study of the operating methods of the city government, and devise plans for a more efficient and economical administration. He called upon the telephone company, the gas and electric company, the street railway company, the steam railroads in Baltimore, the big industrial plants—steel companies, sugar refineries, banks—invited them to step up and take the reins of municipal government.

The commission thus chosen was

made up of 15 officers of the largest corporations in the city. One remarkable thing about the Casey plan began to be realized by people after the work was well started, and that was that the services of such men could not possibly have been commanded by the city for less than \$750,000 a year, if they had been paid. But they were not paid. They did their work for nothing.

Quite often in situations like this, it is one thing to consent to "undertake a high civic duty," and another thing really to do much about it. But the commission deliberately entered upon a laborious task involving months of research and detailed study. It saw the city government as a business involving, *first*, accounting, *second*, finance, *third*, engineering, *fourth*, legal work, and *fifth*, executive work, and it organized committees to make studies along those lines. On these committees the members of the commission put the best experts they had in their plants and offices—engineers, accountants, lawyers, storekeepers, purchasing agents, executives, auditors, and what not. They were turned loose upon the old city government like a medical detachment on a battle field, and they went to work with vigor.

There is no room in this article, of course, to discuss in detail the ailments they found. They found a city government consisting of 45 departments with nine sub-departments. They found more than 50 different payrolls for city employes, with little or no check upon them. They found half a dozen departments sending out bills for various sorts of taxes at various times of the year, requiring taxpayers to settle accounts with the city half a dozen or more times.

They found that more than \$11,000,000 was owing to the city from delinquent taxpayers, who, but for this research, might never have paid up a cent of their delinquencies; and, indeed, many had already been relieved forever of that responsibility by statutes of limitations.

Where there should have been method and system, they found chaos;

where there should have been checks and balances, they found none; where one department could do a piece of work, a dozen departments were doing it; where one man could do a job, 20 men were doing it.

During 1924, their drive on delinquent taxpayers brought more than \$5,600,000 into the city coffers. For the 50 old-time payrolls they succeeded in substituting a central payroll bureau, at a known saving of \$10,000 a year, and no one can estimate what unknown savings. For the haphazard methods of billing the public for taxes half a dozen times a year, they substituted a Bureau of Receipts, centralizing in it responsibility for the \$38,000,000 of annual city revenues, instead of spreading it around in several departments, offering definite opportunities for fraud.

These items scarcely scratch the surface of the accomplishments of the Casey plan. Of course the big, outstanding evidence of its success was the reduction of the local tax rate from \$2.97 in 1923, to \$2.48 in 1926.

The most puzzling thing about it all was, how were they able to choke off the politicians? It was done easily because it was done sensibly. The riot would have started at the first cry of "Reform!" But these were business men and not reformers; they were concerned with results, not with publicity or brass bands. They unearthed some juicy scandals. Reformers would have brayed about them. But the men who worked the Casey plan under Mayor Jackson said nothing about them at all. The commission closed up money leaks and emptied pork barrels forever, but its only concern with the past was to wipe it out, not to advertise it.

Every one has benefited—the corporations, because they have developed a new interest in city government, and the public has acquired a new interest in and liking for them; the City Hall, because it is a happier, more decent place to work in; the people, because they get better treatment at the hands of their government—and because taxes are lower.

Trade Rivalries That Lead to War

Condensed from *Current History* (June '26)

Dr. Jerome Davis

ONE of the social problems which society has not yet solved is the precise cause of war. Has any nation during the 20th century ever been ready to admit that it has been guilty of causing a war? Each country prides herself that she of all others is blameless. Anyone can see that if the Germans feel that the French were primarily responsible for the war, and the French are certain that it is all the result of a damnable conspiracy on the part of the Germans, both cannot be entirely right. During the conflict we are told that "German submarine commanders are brutal and barbarous"; afterward Admiral Sims informs us they were most humane. During the war our famous war correspondents, such as Sir Philip Gibbs, tell us fairy tales; afterward they show how far we were misled—"Now It Can Be Told."

In the early days of society armies proclaimed openly that they were fighting for land, goods, wealth. As society has advanced, mankind has fought for favorable markets. Professor Seligman of Columbia says: "The great wars of the 17th and 18th centuries, fought in order to control the sea and to expand the colonial empire, all had in view the development of nascent industry on capitalist lines." But long before we had reached this stage Christianity had taught that men should not kill. Hence mankind began to idealize and glorify their aims in each armed conflict. It seems probable that the rulers of all countries in a war period create fictions to justify their cause before the people. They may even fool themselves into temporary belief in their idealizations. Thus we may say we are "fighting the war to end war" or to "make the world

safe for democracy"; but can we be sure of it?

Nations today are largely governed by economic considerations. More and more economic imperialism is becoming a dominant factor. The result has been described by an English publicist, Leonard Wolfe: "We are forced to the conclusion that European policy has led to the subjection and economic exploitation of the African and to subjection, anarchy and economic exploitation in China." When business has once become established in a foreign country, naturally the flag must follow the investor. If Mexico interferes with American business interests, our flag is threatened and warships are hurriedly dispatched. If Santo Domingo fails to pay interest on her debt, we must take possession of the country. Not long ago this advertisement appeared in a New York newspaper:

FORTUNE IN SUGAR—The price of labor in Haiti is lower than in any other cane sugar-growing country. Haiti now is under United States control. There are large profits in the sugar business. We recommend the purchase of stock in the Haitian-American Corporation. Interesting story, "Sugar in Haiti," mailed on request.

It was just because Haiti was "under United States control" that this investment was so profitable and so safe.

Whenever one nation thinks it is superior to another, friction is bound to result. After the World War, when the British were in command of Archangel, Russia, their officers rode free in the street cars. Sometimes they would use a native horse and carriage, ride from place to place, then refuse to pay the driver at all. Hence it might be said that investors are some-

times our modern war-makers. They go into a foreign land and build up industry. In the process they may run roughshod over the natives, often exploiting them cruelly. This creates friction and hatreds, which rankle and fester until, if they are not removed, they ultimately necessitate a major operation—war. The Chinese Opium War is a crowning example. The Chinese wanted to stop the importation of opium. The result was a conflict with Great Britain.

The missionaries killed by the Boxers were in a sense the victims of the economic greed of the great powers. For five years there had been a most disgraceful scramble of European nations to partition China. Finally, the Boxers broke out into open protest against these foreign aggressions.

It is not only economic exploitation that is disastrous. It is also the fact that if one nation obtains a rich harvest from a backward country it is sure to arouse jealousy on the part of some other powerful empire. Before the war, the Kaiser stated: "Germany demands a place in the sun," to signify that Germany demanded her share of the profits from economic imperialism. It is quite conceivable that this may be the real cause of the dislike between countries, which is usually thought to be traditional hatred. Certainly we know that at one time England was the enemy of France and all French and English boys were taught to hate each other. At another time this hatred was transferred to Germany.

Consider the case of Japanese-American relations. Having lived for years in Japan as a boy I can testify to the fact that there was no country in the world which was more revered by the Japanese people. It was also true that America had a very friendly feeling toward Japan. Yet today Rear Admiral Fiske predicts that a war between America and Japan is almost inevitable because, forsooth, there is an economic rivalry between us.

It is obvious that America would

hesitate to throw away thousands of lives in Mexico or anywhere else merely because one American had been insulted. A slight to the flag or to an individual would be merely the match which set off the conflagration, but the underlying motives are quite likely to be very much more powerful. These underlying causes of war tend to be economic today because our whole civilization is an economic order. All trade is likely to cause friction, particularly if one nation has access to the sources of raw material which are denied to another.

The arenas of friction in Egypt, in China, in Siam, in the Sudan, in Morocco, in Persia, in the Ottoman Empire and in the Balkans are all due to economic causes. A former French Premier has stated that foreign diplomacy today is oil diplomacy. And the various Governments concerned are supporting their business interests diplomatically, financially, and even with threats of military action.

Every citizen must face the question of how far we are justified in declaring war to protect business interests. During the past few years the American public learned something of the apparently corrupt methods of certain oil interests in the United States. How can we know that these same methods are not being used in foreign countries? If as a result American property interests are damaged abroad, should they have the protection of the United States Navy?

The major problem for the public statesmen to solve is, how can we always uncover the real causes of international trouble before they involve us in war? If we can publish to all the people the underlying economic motivations back of the conflict, it is much less likely that we shall ever stampede ourselves into taking the desperate step of modern warfare. It seems probable that the only hope of accomplishing anything approximating this fact-finding and publicity-making agency would be an international court with power, or an association of the nations of the world, or both.

Short Skirts

Condensed from *The Forum* (June '26)

Hugh A. Studdert Kennedy

ONE afternoon in June, some 12 years ago, I was passing under the Admiralty Arch in London when, suddenly, I saw a woman turning out of a little side road. She was obviously a woman of grace and refinement, beautifully gowned, save for the outrageous fact that the sleeves of her dress were completely transparent from the wrists to the shoulders.

Well, it was a shock, but I pulled myself together, and was walking on without, I hope, any undue exhibition of emotion when I noticed that several of the passers-by were not acting with a like restraint. First one here and one there, quite frankly stopped to look at her. Then they began to follow her. Then the small crowd, with its inevitable snowball tendencies, began to draw a large crowd. The girl quickened her pace, but so did the crowd; then some small boys began to jeer, some youths began to jostle her, and it was easy to see what would happen. Before I knew what I was doing I enlisted the services of a policeman, and between us we got the half fainting girl into a taxi. By the time I had deposited her at Queen Anne's Mansions, where she was staying with her father and mother, she had tearfully explained that they had just arrived from New York, that every woman in New York was wearing that kind of dress, that she never could have dreamed that such a thing would happen, and that she would never get over it.

I could not help recalling this incident when, last June, I found myself once again passing under Admiralty Arch. Everywhere one looked were girls, not in gowns with transparent sleeves, but in gowns with no sleeves at all; in gowns that did not come

an inch below the knee; in gowns devoid of necks and only very transparently supplied with backs. Yet ten years before, one lone girl clad in a fashion which would now be regarded as almost Quakerish in its modesty, had created something bordering on a panic in this very place.

It may have been fancy, but it seemed to me that the air was purer and cleaner than it had been ten years before, as if an unholy pressure had been relieved, and impudent hocus-pocus shorn of its imaginary power. Legs were everywhere, arms were everywhere, necks and backs were everywhere, and yet the men and boys passing back and forth were going about their daily walk just as if nothing were happening.

One hundred years ago, the women of Jane Austen's day were almost completely preoccupied with questions of sex. They sewed a little, cooked a little, read French a little, played the harpischord a little, and had the vapors whenever necessary. But whether they sewed or played or had vapors, it was always with some very gallant gentleman or gentlemen in view. And as to the very gallant gentlemen, they were so gallant that a chance view of my lady's ankle was sufficient to put them into a cold sweat.

With unerring, if unconscious wisdom, the woman of today is doing the first things first, she is getting rid of the mystery of the flesh. The arbiters of fashion may think that like a homeopathic dose every attenuation adds to its potency, yet the man who 20 years ago was fired by the suggestion and mystery of the clothed form finds himself unmoved in the presence of so much nakedness, because it is unashamed.

The point is a fundamental one. Last summer I was in Paris. I paid a visit one evening to the Casino de Paris. The great theater was filled to overflowing—with Americans. It was a very respectable and utterly wholesome crowd, out in search of adventure—thrilled with the thought of being real devilish. Directly behind me was a family party from Vermont, and I shall never forget the despairing gasp which came from the mother and a maiden aunt when the curtain rose. It was a masterpiece of color and light, but as each successive girl mounted the dais, and, throwing aside a gorgeous wrapper, posed unclothed from the waist up, these two sterling women could see nothing in it but an outrage on decency.

Now, I am not concerned to defend such shows,—I really dislike them, not because of the shows themselves, but because of the audience,—but I am concerned with their effect upon the audience. The first hour at the Casino was atrocious. The audience was an indecent audience; but gradually a change was noticeable. The horrified gasps, the semi-hysterical giggling, the "Land sakes!" the "Good nights!" died away. The mother from Vermont became silent, and I had almost forgotten about her when the curtain went up on the final scene. It represented the interior of a Roman bath. Whatever may be thought of such exhibitions, there can be no doubt that it was a perfect picture, a Leighton or a Collier. Suddenly, at the top of the marble steps leading down to the bath a young girl appeared; she paused for a moment, and then, throwing aside her wrapper, descended the steps, unclothed, to the water's edge.

"My, isn't she just beautiful," the mother behind me said happily.

"She sure is," said the father.

I looked round at Daughter; for some unaccountable reason, her eyes were filled with tears. Then I glanced at Son; he was holding sister's hand. I could not help asking myself—had

these people risen or fallen in the scale of morality since they entered the theater? They had surely risen. They had gone to look for darkness with a candle, and behold there was no darkness.

The incident to me is typical of this day and age. The lack of morality is not in the nakedness but in the shame, and the shame grows less day by day. The question of sex is really occupying thought far less today than at any time in history. Where 100 years ago a woman had but one preoccupation, today she has a hundred. And so when a Prince of the Church declares, as he did recently, that he is shocked at "the unparalleled depravity of woman's dress," the woman of today is apt to answer him shortly enough. Some time ago, I was in a street car, in a far western city. Two young girls came in, evidently returning from some afternoon concert. Almost opposite them sat what can only be described as a simpering youth. As one of the girls crossed her legs, and displayed a pair of sturdy bare knees, the youth simpered still more. He tried to attract her attention, and finally did, but the next moment, collapsed. The expression of contempt on the girl's face was the most potent I have ever seen.

That expression of contempt is on the face of woman, today, whenever she is faced with the prudence of man, and man is rising to the demand that woman is making upon him. The struggle is ever toward completeness. For the most part, it is a blind struggle, the instinct of the leaf that turns toward the light, but just in proportion as it becomes more conscious, does its success become more rapid.

"A lady with a lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land."
Well, the lady has come, and she is standing. And her skirts are short, and her arms are bare. As for her back, I cannot see it, for her face is towards me but on her face, upturned to the light of her lamp, is shining the glory of a new era.

From Coolie to Industrial Magnate

Condensed from Asia (June '26)

George Marvin

AS the train pulls into Tsurumi, near Tokyo, you may see a gigantic bronze statue against the sky. Surmounting a steep hill stands the colossal figure of a man with soft hat, knickerbockers and walking-stick. The effigy proves the unheroic character of modern clothes; it is congruous to nothing attractively or traditionally Japanese.

And yet it is utterly Japanese. It is a huge tribute by Japanese to American standards of success. The statue was raised by popular subscription from a quarter-million of Japanese, in gratitude for cheap public services created by the tireless enterprise of Soichiro Asano. Although we in America bow down to commercialism in the abstract, we have not yet reached the point of symbolizing it in imperishable bronze. In adopting western ways wholesale, the Japanese are more frank, perhaps, in their expressions of the new faith.

Asano, now 78 years of age, and with many motor cars to ride in, keeps up the habit of walking for pleasure. He prospects his mining properties, his hydroelectric plants, his shipyards, on foot. Hence the titantic knickerbockers, the slouch hat and the walking-stick in bronze.

We talk about the romance of business as if it were a western monopoly. But in Japan, more than three centuries ago, the founders of the House of Mitsui broke away from feudalism, to make a beautiful thing out of work. And Asano's life history is a peculiarly exact instance of the kind of document that is romanticized to the limit of American ingenuity.

Asano prides himself on the fact that he has "arrived" by nothing else than sheer hard work. This is the

doctrine that he tries to "get across" to young Japan, particularly in the Gary Industrial School, which he founded at Tsurumi and now finances. Although almost 80, he begins his day at five o'clock in the morning, and his son, managing director of many of his interests, must appear daily at his father's house an hour later. Ensuing conferences with other officials of his various companies keep him busy the rest of the day and often far into the night.

Asano was born the son of a poor country doctor, in a northern province. As a boy, gossip of the opportunities in the new era of commerce and industry just then opening for Japan stirred him, as it seeped back through the provinces. And at 21 he made his big jump for the seaboard chances of Yokohama. After 15 days' walking he reached the city without a yen and without even an acquaintance. He became, as he says, "a coolies' coolie," peddling drinking water to stevedores on the water-front. The folk and neighbors at home had given him up as no good. Then he ran into a man who was peddling soya paste. The stuff was awkward to merchandise, sold in "gobs" and carried away in greasy paper. For a song Asano bought bamboo and made containers wherein to peddle the paste, and here he made his first minute success. He had thought out something new and next to needful. In the evenings he pawed over the slag piles outside the newly started gas works, picking up fuel to keep his stove burning through cold nights. And raking away nightly, he realized the existence of unused heat-units in slag coke, thrown out as refuse.

He went to work and quietly secured the sole rights to all the refuse

from the gas company. The gas company gave him the rights, as a convenience to themselves. Asano profited accordingly. His was the original idea of turning waste—in a country where for generations, supposedly, there had been no such thing as waste—into wealth. He got a small organization together and began to manufacture coke on a steadily increasing scale. Coal-tar was a by-product. Along came an epidemic of cholera; and Asano found a market for his coal-tar, then first used as a wholesale disinfectant.

In 1875, the government of Tokyo started a gas-plant. After it had lagged through more than a year of development, Asano organized a corporation, and took over the plant. That was the beginning of the Tokyo Gas and Coke Co. of today, one of the largest public-service corporations in Japan. Asano has been able to supply gas at a remarkably low rate because, 25 years ago, he organized the Ishikari Colliery Co. and made a contract between that corporation and the Tokyo Gas Co., whereby a supply of coal was guaranteed for a term of 50 years at a rate which is today about a third of the market price.

Ventures in coke led to cement. The government had started a cement-works. Asano supplied it with fuel and began to study the cement business. He saw the flaws in its perfunctory government direction. When the prefecture was about to close down the works on account of continued losses, he promptly secured a lease on the factory. Later, he bought it. Cement became permanently fixed as a profitable industry in his tireless hands. Later, two branch works were built. At the time of the earthquake in 1923, the combined Asano cement plants had reached a capacity of 6,600,000 barrels a year.

Up to 1877 all the factories around Tokyo and Yokohama were dependent for coal on mines in the southern island of Kyushu. At times, there was a shortage of fuel. Asano went out on foot with his geologists and engineers and discovered coal-fields in

the neighborhood of Tokyo where nobody supposed coal was to be found. Associating himself with a group of capitalists, he obtained mining concessions covering about 50,000 acres, and formed a company which now has an annual output of over 1,000,000 tons.

The coal also went out to sea—to India, to China, Java, the Straits Settlements—as Asano's coke had gone and his cement. These heavy freights voyage now in Asano's own ships. In 1896 he started his most ambitious sea venture, and inaugurated the present fortnightly service between Hongkong, Shanghai, the Japanese ports and San Francisco. He built his own ship yards, and imported steel and ship-builders. After the Russo-Japanese war, he built four huge ships, each of 22,000 tons, for the fast growing Pacific passenger trade. He also bought from E. H. Harriman's old Pacific Mail Co. the sister ships *Korea* and *Siberia*. Harriman and Asano, incidentally, had much in common, and were close personal friends. At first the commanders, the chief engineers and several of the other officers on board the Asano liners were foreigners, generally Englishmen. Now, with the exception of an American purser on every vessel, they are all Japanese. It required many years for the Japanese personnel to learn the big-ship-ping game.

The Japanese are great beer-drinkers. As long ago as 40 years, beer was being brewed in Japan, but it made slight headway against imported malt liquors. Asano sent a group of experts to study breweries in Germany. Then he and Baron Shibusawa bought the great Sapporo brewery from the government—like the cement works and the Tokyo Gas Co., it had been running at a loss—and, combining it with another company, formed the largest brewing company in Japan today.

Asano seems to have adopted the entire realm of business as his field of human endeavor. And always he sees means of saving waste in either methods or materials.

How Can Young People Afford to Marry?

Condensed from *Success Magazine* (June '26)

Christine Frederick

THE history of race progress is that of constantly pushing ahead the marriage period. You can locate any race or tribe or nation in the scale of development by inquiring, at what age do the young people marry? This effect of civilization is due almost entirely to economic reasons, since civilization appears to be regarded largely as an economic matter, although it is not. In savage tribes, girls of 10 and 12 years are married. Only a few centuries ago, marriages at 16 were very common. Your grandmother and mine married at 18; your mother and mine were doubtless married at 20.

But in the last 25 years America has traversed the space of a century, economically speaking. This is literally true as we created actually more wealth in 1900-1910 than was created between 1800-1900. Therefore, the economic pressure of the first quarter of the 20th century has thrown out of focus all calculations in regard to marriage as in regard to everything else. It has enormously raised the "standard of living," and, true to precedent, this has meant a jump forward of many years, in the age of marrying for young people. This jump forward brings the whole question to the point of a real crisis. We can't forever go on pushing forward the age of marrying for young people. We can't make over God-made young people to fit our man-made economic machine.

Our new standards of wealth are very fine. The amazing opportunities for education in the United States are certainly the wonder of the century. The inventions and devices for comfort and luxury and pleasure are the crown of civilized history. But it is now necessary to stop to ask ourselves

what we wish to do concerning the critical pressure that the entire modern scheme of things places, very especially upon young people and the marriage idea. It is just at this point in life that modern civilization shows its greatest weakness.

What we are dealing with is a monstrous and growing artificiality imposed upon the human feelings and instincts of the young. As one of the college boys in the significant play, "Young Woodley," says, "We grow to emotional maturity at 14 or 15, but civilization insists that we forget it and not even think about it until many years later."

I get thousands of letters from my readers all over the country, in all walks of life, and the monotonously same note is in them all: "How can we save anything?" from the young married; "Would you advise us to marry on \$1800 a year?" from the engaged couples; "How can I have children and run a home and still stay at work to help my husband?" from the couples who have married and both stayed at work.

A young college instructor friend of mine threw up his job at the university to become a garage mechanic in order that he might marry the girl of his choice. Think of the soul-wrenching of that young man, in giving up his cherished vocation! But he is happier now. He has his home and his mate and he can pay his bills and look forward to having children without terror.

Take, again, the case of a clever relative of mine, a young man certainly capable of becoming a fine surgeon. He is 25, and he went abroad to study. On his return last summer

he met a girl—the girl. Now he is in a miserable turmoil of soul, for he must go back to his studies abroad for two or three more years. The girl, whose parents refused to permit an engagement, is attractive and popular, and in his heart the young man knows that likely some other man who has a good income and is on the spot will capture her away from him while he is in Vienna; but worse than that, he knows that even if the three years were up today, he couldn't marry her, for he would have no practice to support a family and even would be in debt for his education. Eight or ten barren years stretch before this young man, when his soul and body cry out for his mate. It is cruel; it is dangerous; it is unsocial. It is a dissipation of fundamental national capital, which is well-mated couples, mated at the mating period and founding families and achieving happiness.

To make matters more crucial, there has developed an additional agent of confusion. Years ago only one and one-half per cent of the population were "white collar" workers; now the proportion is ten per cent. The laboring man of today can buy 27 per cent more with his day's work than he could 35 years ago. On the other hand, the office worker has actually suffered a decline, for he actually purchases five per cent less than he could 35 years ago. When you consider that the average intelligent, ambitious, well-reared types of young people are classifiable under the term, "office workers," it is readily to be seen that the marriage situation from this aspect alone is given a painful wallop. Furthermore, the prospects are for this situation to become worse rather than better. Prosperity for laboring men means more education, more young people wanting white collar jobs. It is a fact that 80 per cent of locomotive engineers' sons go to college, and of course won't become locomotive engineers.

There is also something to ponder over, when we look at the statistics

of women going into business. There are now nearly 11,000,000 women in business, a figure that has doubled in very recent times. This situation is not due merely to woman's desire to become self-supporting. It reflects the sheer preponderance in modern life of money pressure. The great majority of those working women are young girls, who go out from their homes to earn money partly for family support, but even more largely for the purpose of raising their standard of living and luxury. Admirable as this is and valuable as training for life, nevertheless it, too, has added to the difficulties of the mating and marrying time. It has definitely helped to raise the economic standards of expectation at marriage, for many of these young women spend a far greater proportion of their earnings on clothes and luxuries than is possible under any conceivable young family budgeting plan based on the earnings of one young man. Furthermore, with the best of intentions, it tends to make young women undomestic and develops oftentimes a fatal germ of future restlessness with the inevitable marriage condition. That such a restlessness is in part a mark of progress and of desire to play a part in the working world may be all true; but again it is marriage which is the target pierced by the arrow.

Young men seem to be held fast, as flies in amber, in the economic pressure which keeps them from marriage until a very late age, when often they lose interest in matrimony. Recent New York statistics indicate that divorces are increasing, while marriages are decreasing. The birth rate is falling among those who are married, and the number of married women who take positions is increasing. There is a steady increase in the average age at marriage. Inevitably, there is a corresponding increase of immorality and free union. In short, if there is any beckoning social and economic problem in the country today, it is, as Mrs. Catt proclaims, the problem of marriage and young people.

And We Call Ourselves Efficient!

Condensed from the Scientific American (June '26)

H. W. Slauson, M.E.

MAJOR ELIHU CHURCH, the transportation engineer of the Port of New York, says that the principal costs of making a freight shipment consist in the expense of crating the goods and in trucking them to and from the railroad or steamship. He tells of an importer who found that hauling a quantity of imported goods four miles through New York by truck cost more than the 3000 miles of transatlantic shipment! We can realize, therefore, why he estimates that the loss to shippers and receivers of freight and express—which loss, of course, is passed on to you and me, the ultimate consumer—approximates one-half million dollars a day in New York City alone.

But New York is not necessarily any worse in this respect than others of our so-called thriving, hustling cities.

A motor truck is economical when it can work at high capacity, and at comparatively high speed. Insurance, drivers' wages, interest on investment, and other items continue when the truck is moving slowly or standing still. The Major estimates that the minimum cost of such a truck is six cents per minute, whether traveling at zero, or at 15 miles an hour, and declares that "the cost of trucking is measured by time, not distance."

This same engineer has also discovered that the average waiting time of each truck at piers and at other shipping terminals, is 68 minutes, including 14 minutes loading and unloading time. Furthermore, because of this waste of time, the average load carried is only one and one-half tons. Is it any wonder that freight can be hauled by rail from New York to Buffalo for approximately the same cost

as that of two or three miles delivery transportation charges to its consignment point in the city?

Automobile owners no longer go "pleasure riding" in the city. Almost every vehicle which we see on our streets represents a necessary medium of transportation. Were it not for the private passenger cars, there would be a greater number of taxicabs. Were there fewer taxicabs, there might be more buses or trolley cars.

Naturally, the most efficient traffic is that which can move rapidly. The stationary or parked vehicle, therefore, represents the real problem in our traffic congestion situation. Solve that problem, and we would have no traffic tangles or four-mile-an-hour trucking speeds.

"A place for every stationary vehicle," should be the slogan of every modern city. We have conceived great plans for elevated express roadways, vehicular tunnels and pedestrian bridges and underpasses. But these are expensive remedies, they do not provide for the maximum needs of any locality, and they furnish but scant solution to the problem of the stationary vehicle.

What has produced our traffic problem? It is the *concentration* of business and living. Our cities are no longer planes, having but two dimensions; they are *cubes*. And yet we expect the same two-dimension highways to take care of our moving and stationary traffic.

A new office building, for example, may occupy a block on which once stood 30 or 40 dwellings housing 150 persons. But in the office building, occupying exactly the same space,

there may be 5000 workers. They must go daily to and from this building. Their customers must come and go. They must be supplied with office necessities, goods to sell, and with heat and food. Therefore, the traffic made absolutely necessary by that building would supply a village of 3000 or 4000 inhabitants; but there is not one foot more of parking space to meet these supply requirements than was the case in the brownstone front days when each family was supplied with 20 or 30 feet of sidewalks in front of its own private property!

On all four sides of this building the same conditions either have been reproduced, or will be in the near future, if our present urban viewpoint continues. Our City Planning Commissions, for the most part, have been sadly lax in foreseeing these conditions. They have permitted the erection of veritable hives of apartment dwellers and office workers, but have made no provision for compelling the solution of the traffic and transportation problem which these new building conditions create. True, some modern buildings have been constructed with street-level arcades cut under the building to furnish vehicular space to what would normally be the building line, and to provide pedestrian space actually within the building proper.

As a supplement to this system however, we should provide parking facilities for every vehicle brought to that vicinity by the increased requirements of the building occupying the space in question. In designing a modern building, the architect devotes a certain percentage of its otherwise available rental space for stairways and elevator shafts. But he must do more. The owner of a modern building should be glad to devote at least five per cent of its profitable space to the temporary storage of the vehicles which the business or social activity of the occupants of that building brings to its immediate vicinity.

What would we think of a railroad which undertook to serve a thriving city and yet did not provide freight yards and passenger depots? We would tell that railroad that it must provide space in which the contents of passenger and freight trains could be discharged, or taken on, without interfering seriously with the remainder of the traffic service which that corporation was supposed to furnish.

The required parking and delivery area cannot well be obtained from open space which is otherwise available for building construction. But present-day buildings are constructed with three, four, five and even six cellars or sub-basements in which fuel and other supplies are stored.

The first of these otherwise unproductive sub-cellars should be connected with the street by means of a sloping roadway, as is typical of modern garage construction. In the sub-cellar thus made available, could be stored all cars and other vehicles, the owners or drivers of which have occasion to transact business within the building. In this sub-cellar also all deliveries for the building could be made, and easy connection with the freight elevators obtained. One of the most serious impediments to traffic is the long wheel-base truck which is backed to the curb and which overhangs partially across the sidewalk.

Such a plan would, of course, add somewhat to the cost of building construction and maintenance. It could, however, be assessed partially against the tenants who made use of such a service which would keep their cars under observation, protected from bad weather, and available at any moment. This personal convenience, however, is not the primary object of this plan, and its light cost is borne by the tremendous saving which would follow through the increased speed of traffic and the restoration of city streets to their original purpose of highways for moving traffic.

The New Industrial Era

Continued from June Digest (Harper's Magazine, May '26)

Charles Edward Russell

WHEN you pay your bill at a hotel, how large a part of the charge represents duplication, waste, and things dictated by hoary custom? Judging by the work of several committees of the Department of Commerce, I should think Custom must get about half the toll at every hostelry. There were 700 varieties of hotel chinaware; the guest must have paid for all the time lost in making 540 of these, for a committee cut the 700 to 160. A committee cut out all but four of 78 kinds of mattresses. Seventy-eight kinds of blankets came down to 12; 78 kinds of metal beds to two; 78 varieties of bed-springs to two.

Then what? A company that operates a chain of hotels cut 30 styles of glassware to ten, 15 designs of carpets to three, all patterns of table-linen to one, and simplified nearly 200 other items. Thus it released from former inventories \$350,000 and saved \$100,000. And the guest never missed any of these retrenchments.

A new fashion set in. When the change was well started it began to go of itself. A food manufacturer compared his sales and cut his varieties 89 per cent. He found as a result that he could cut his selling force 73 per cent, his advertising 78 per cent, his overhead 80 per cent, while his volume of sales increased 600 per cent. His customers did not get so many varieties of apricot jam, but what they got cost them and the maker less.

A company that owned a chain of drug-stores reduced its stock to varieties most in demand and cut out the moribund or inactive items. The varieties of commodities that it formerly had carried came down from 22,000 to 10,000. Whereupon this company in-

creased its volume of business 40 per cent, its turnover 70 per cent, decreased its investment account 14 per cent, and its inventory 56 per cent. With these savings it was able to increase its wage rate 100 per cent.

Industries that have experimented with the new order commonly report some such grateful change. The reason is simple: concentrated salesmanship and the elimination of scattered efforts.

A shoe manufacturer found that he had three grades and 2500 styles in each grade. He cut this to one grade and 100 styles. He thereby cut his production cost 31 per cent, overhead 28 per cent, inventories 26 per cent, and cost to consumer 27 per cent. He was selling 22 per cent more of women's shoes and 80 per cent more of men's.

In great things and in small, to plug up the leaks is the word now. There used to be 150 varieties of men's collars on the market; a little study cut them to 25. There were 200 varieties of certain canned goods; study reduced them to 22. The varieties of cotton duck came down from 460 to 94; electric lamp bases from 179 to six. A committee found 1114 varieties of brass lavatory and sink traps on the market and recommended that 1042 of these be dropped. In lumber 60 per cent of the varieties made were cut out and all the rest standardized. The economies that resulted astonished even the revolutionists.

When they approached the department of women's wear a fearful cry went up that Mr. Hoover was plotting to dress our women-folk in a hideous uniformity. But all that was desired was a common and definite language

in this industry. The reformers were accused of decreeing that every woman should wear a dress 29 inches in the waist-line. All that reform really desired was that everywhere in the United States Size 29 should mean exactly the same thing.

We may as well settle down to accept a change that is inevitable and destined to go on and on, widening as it goes. All varieties of production, from apples to zinc, will have to undergo it, as the race for markets wherein we can dispose of unconsumed surpluses narrows and grows fiercer.

Up to January 15, 1926, 50 industries had adopted the new methods through and through, about 200 more had committees at work, and another 200 were studying the subject. Next we are to note that hundreds of individual plants have upon their own initiative started the war on waste. What it totals to date, therefore, is to be estimated. In all likelihood, more than a billion dollars a year have been cut from American production costs. Suppose this to go on, and there is no reason why it should not go on, the whole world and all the world's commercial adjustments will have to move to meet it.

For instance, since the World War, speaking generally, manufactured products of the United States have been largely excluded from the world's market places by reason of the high American cost of production, due to the high American wage-level. The new order in manufacturing is changing all that. Having now increased efficiency and decreased waste, there are many things of foreign demand we can manufacture on a high wage-level for less than the foreigner can manufacture them on a low wage-level.

Mr. Ford—with his six-dollar-a-day workmen can outsell foreign automobile makers with their two-dollar-a-day workmen. Everybody knows that Mr. Ford's supremacy was attained by organization, simplification, standardization. What these did for automobile

making they are now to do for the making of other things. Economy is already achieving these results, as shown by statistics. Today the United States is the only nation in the world that has increased its foreign commerce above pre-war levels. We are 25 per cent ahead of the best we did before the war; Great Britain is 10 per cent worse. And each year our foreign trade increases.

We can become the world's workshop. In certain lines, American goods can become the world's supply for the simple reason that we can produce these goods more cheaply than anybody else. American electric goods are today displacing in Switzerland the products of German factories less than 100 miles away.

So vast an expansion of American foreign trade will automatically produce another result of historic moment. It will restore the American merchant marine. Indeed it is already working to that end: since the Civil War we have not had so large a proportion of America's foreign trade borne in American bottoms. We no longer need shipping subsidies. By standardization, simplification, and organization we are almost at a point where we can turn out a ship as cheaply as any other country, despite our high wages. For 60 years the United States has not been a maritime nation. It seems likely now once more to become one, for if these indications are fulfilled the American flag will be more widely carried about this globe than it was in 1860.

There is still another phase of the general subject, so far unmentioned and not wholly delectable. By no possibility could a change so great come upon a nation's industry without deeply affecting its political, social, and cultural life. In all ways we are facing a new America. What kind of an America it may be is a speculation so curious that we had better leave all of it to the next chapter in the history of these marvels.

Mr. Russell's second article on Standardization appears in the June Century.

The Test of the Genteel

Condensed from Harper's Magazine (June '26)

Cornelia James Cannon

THE world is today filled with the lamentations of the "genteel."

They declare that they, who are the custodians of the refinements of life, are being forced out of existence. The high cost of labor, they assert, brings about a lamentable increase in the cost of homes, of personal service, and of the things of beauty and utility upon which the quality of the life of the genteel depends. They claim that the new materialists ignore the contributions of the middle-class to civilization, and consent to the discontinuance of its gifts and to the annihilation of its members.

The fact is that a bloodless revolution is taking place in this country which is not eliminating the middle-class, but is, instead, enormously increasing its numbers. Never in the history of the world has there been such a spectacle. For generations mankind has been theorizing about such a possibility. But, while the churches, humanitarians, college faculties, and socialists have been advocating economic equality, the miracle has happened, independent of the activities of any and all of them. When a carpenter receives \$12 a day and a plasterer \$14, when a plumber is paid \$1.25 an hour, and a painter \$1.30, the fact cannot be glossed over that a new world-order has come into being.

The plight of the genteel is in reality due to the fact that the traditional life of their group is based upon abundant personal service, whether it be supplied by the slaves of Greece in 500 B. C. or by the undermanned servant-class of the United States in 1926. When the genteel life is threatened by a shortage of personal service, as it is today, it means that the opportunities for free choice of occupation are rapidly increasing. If in many com-

munities cooks and laundresses are not to be had, the reason is that economic conditions have become so favorable to the workers that they can desert the field of domestic service which is regarded as socially undesirable.

Too long have the genteel accepted as a part of the inevitable nature of things their monopoly of a margin above the subsistence line, their freedom of choice as to the work they should do, and their leisure to enjoy life. The addition of large numbers of their fellows to their category has produced in them an uneasy sense of indignity and uncertainty as to the future.

If the refinements of life are actually dependent upon an elaboration of personal service at the hands of our co-citizens, the 20th century must relapse into barbarism. We are no longer able to demand or receive such attentions from anyone. But the absence of servants, inability to afford a trip to Europe, and inconvenient housing conditions, do not seem too much for us to offer up for a world in which most of us can be clean and warm and fed, in which girls are not tempted to sell themselves for a living, in which the children of laborers may graduate from high schools, in which the washwoman comes for our laundry in her automobile, and in which tenement districts bristle with radio masts.

The genteel suspect materialism among the workers who press for increases of wages. Yet the criterion of materialism is the use to which a man puts his money. What are the members of the new economic group actually doing with their increased wages? They are obviously buying automobiles; but there is one other commodity so sought that the supply cannot keep up with the demand.

That commodity is education. And the greatest demand is not for trade schools. A trade union official said to the "genteel" members of an educational committee, "We do not want our children taught trades. We want them to learn to see what you see in a museum, and to enjoy a symphony concert, and to like to read books the way you do."

Our people as a whole are yearning to share in the world of ideas from which poverty and overwork, lack of leisure and training have kept them. What other explanation can there be for the crowding of schools and colleges, the constantly increasing thousands pouring into our museums, the immense circulation of books from our libraries, and the millions listening to the radio?

The "genteel" is not an hereditary caste. It represents those in any generation with gentle tastes. They may have horny hands, but if they are interested in the things of the heart and mind, if they deal kindly and justly with their fellows, if they use their leisure to acquire the refinements of life and to cultivate the arts, they may be more truly classed as well-bred than those born to the purple.

Have the distracted genteel of these days no responsibility save that of bewailing their vanishing privileges? What of the "new genteel" coming on in eager, hopeful hordes? Is there not an obligation to show them a way to the richest life on means within the reach of all?

The plight of the genteel is really the test of the genteel. And the home-maker is the individual upon whom most of the responsibility rests. She is the organizer of the family budget. It is she who makes the choices upon which "gentility" and the quality of the home life depend. The "new genteel" must be shown by her that the genteel existence is far more dependent upon just and generous living with one's fellows than upon the possession of a maid always ready to answer the door bell.

The business world also has had to face an acute shortage of labor.

But the business world has met the situation with new devices to eliminate the need of workers. The home-makers, on the other hand, have shown extraordinary conservatism in adopting labor-saving tools.

Many of the niceties of living, which were the symbols of refinement to an earlier generation, are mistaken today for the refinements themselves. How many laborious processes which were merely incident to the genteel life of the past have been assumed to be basic! Home making-of-bread had its long day of gentility, when the use of baker's bread was the earmark of shiftlessness. A public laundry is anathema to many of the genteel today. The Japanese regard certain of our uses of linen in place of paper as the height of vulgarity, and we counter by placing the taboo of the fastidious upon paper napkins. What is there intrinsically more refined about the product of flax than of wood-pulp? Many of the numberless shibboleths of house management are of just such ancient lineage, holdovers from the circumstances of an earlier day. The problem for the modern lover of gentle living is to learn how to find, in place of the old methods which must be surrendered new and better ways of achieving the same ends.

We have allowed the weaving of our dress materials to pass from the home without feeling that the integrity of family life has been threatened. Why should there be any rational objection to a home with a "rough-dry" laundry service, with a dish-washing machine, a tea-wagon domestic, a constant use of bakeries and delicatessen shops, and a bare table set with paper napkins? What could be more desirable than a home easily vacuum-cleaned, free of bric-a-brac, scientifically organized in its kitchen end? Would digestion suffer from a fuller use of raw foods, and a radical reduction in duplicating dishes and elaborate menus? Technic of this character is designed to reduce the need for service without at the same time sur-

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Mislaid—A Nation's Treasure

Condensed from *The Delineator* (July '26)

Rose V. S. Berry, Art Chairman, Federation of Women's Clubs

AMONG the recognized nations of the earth the United States has a shameful distinction. It is the only one without a National Art Gallery.

Other nations house their national art treasures, including the work of famous American sculptors and painters, in adequate galleries, properly hung and lighted where the public may see and enjoy them. We have to refuse each year priceless paintings and statues because we have no place to put them. Those that we have accepted are crowded in with unrelated museum exhibits, are badly hung and lighted, or are stored in vaults where no one can enjoy their beauty.

If we had a National Art Museum in Washington, it could be filled today with a collection of which any people would be proud. Among these are the finest works of the European masters.

On the top floor of a building in Washington which serves the dual purpose of Historical and Anthropological Museum, and hanging upon temporary screens, miserably lighted, are our paintings by Rubens, Titian, Rembrandt and others as great. It is doubtful if anywhere else on earth such treatment would be imposed upon paintings by these world-renowned artists. It is not because of ignorance, lack of appreciation or ingratitude to the donors that these gifts are being treated in this way. It is because the people of the United States, in a very large measure, are ignorant of the fact that they own such pictures and are totally unconscious of their dire need of a place in which to properly house their treasures.

Among the generously inclined American art-lovers and collectors there have been men and women of vision who have anticipated a national

collection worthy of this country. For over 20 years paintings in value of \$500,000 were annually presented to the nation. These had a common fate with all the gift paintings, being either "skied" in offices, badly shown in galleries or secluded in storage where they may not be seen. Small wonder the nation at large does not know that it owns treasures and needs a National Art Gallery!

Paintings require the best sort of storage, dry, and almost hermetically sealed, to be safe from mold and the destruction of rats and mice. This kind of storage has become difficult to obtain in the national capital, and therefore for the last few years the gifts have fallen off to less than \$10,000 a year in value. What is worse, we are losing paintings which later we shall not be able to obtain at any price.

It is not unusual for paintings of importance, or small collections of value, to be offered to private museums until such time as the United States can properly house them. But private museums will not always accept temporary gifts; therefore these are almost invariably lost to the American people, and the would-be donors are compelled to turn them elsewhere as bequests or place them upon the market. One collection which was appraised in Paris at \$5,000,000 and offered to America with a conditional time limit has been one of the losses. It is also very well known that the Freer Collection (valued at over \$5,000,000) and offered to the American people was refused three times before it was finally accepted, because the offer was accompanied by a demand for proper housing.

Only a few months ago the whole art world was talking of the purchase of Gainsborough's "Blue Boy" by an

American collector, who paid the Duke of Westminster \$640,000 for it. An opportunity to exhibit the picture in New York for charity was accepted, and thousands paid \$2.50 each to see the painting; yet the American people already own a number of fine Gainsboroughs—they are on temporary screens in Washington.

Every once in a while the whole world is electrified by a fabulous price paid for a Rembrandt. The Rembrandt which the nation owns in Washington is one of the best of the Dutch master's early period, and is quite comparable with any of the Metropolitan treasures; but it, too, is badly shown and miserably lighted. Such also is the fate of our paintings by Rubens, Titian, Reynolds, Romney and Lawrence, of the finest things the Scottish Raeburn ever painted, and some magnificent Constables—all gifts to the American people, and all gifts, which, having been accepted, should be properly housed.

In the art of the world at the present time the American landscapist holds a high place. The work of three well-known landscapists places them among the very best, yet, though France hangs their work in her Luxembourg collection, the United States puts them in storage.

If the National Art Gallery were less the affair of everybody, it would be much easier to acquire; no local region would sit by and suffer such loss as

the nation experiences each year. The States, cities, colleges, small towns, and even high schools are doing for themselves what the nation is so grievously and seriously neglecting, while numerous private collections are being built up.

The last few years have seen unbelievable events follow each other with rapidity. Recently Chicago has bonded itself for the sum of \$152,000,000 to erect 75 schoolhouses, each one to have an art gallery. Compare such activity as this with that of the nation. Philadelphia has so far paid \$7,000,000 for the foundation of its new museum. This is the third museum for Philadelphia. Baltimore, likewise has bonded itself for \$1,000,000 for a new museum. The Boston Museum of Fine Arts has just installed its Sargent Murals, and received the marvelously unique collection of Mrs. Jack Gardner, valued at \$4,000,000. The Metropolitan Museum had a bequest of over \$1,000,000 from John D. Rockefeller, Jr., a wonderful new American wing from its president, Robert de Forest, and the \$40,000,000 bequest of Frank A. Munsey.

In the face of such facts as these can the United States any longer afford to be the one recognized nation in the world that has no National Art Gallery, the one nation which does not consider its artists worthy of recognition or their work as worthy of preservation?

The Test of the Genteel

(Continued from Page 146)

rendering any real values. A home so organized is still free for social intercourse, for music, for reading, for family comradeship.

The fundamental failure of the genteel has not been their pursuit and cultivation of gentility, but their lack of interest in extending their own opportunities to all the members of their world. The "new genteel" are

looking to the "old genteel" for guidance. They too want to be genteel. They naturally turn to the privileged in the community to see what technique of living they have achieved. Can the genteel of today meet the test, and by independence of convention and ingenuity of device develop an art of gentle living both worthy of the copying and within the reach of all?

The Queen of Sheba

Excerpts from *The Mentor* (June '26)

Rosita Forbes

ACCORDING to Ethiopian legend and that great book of her history, the Kebra Negast, the Queen of Sheba was an Abyssinian. Her name was Maqueda and she reigned in Axum.

Axum in those days was a mighty city, built of granite blocks. The walls of the palace were completely overlaid with beaten plates of gold. Behind the palace was a reservoir, approached by flights of rock-hewn steps, for the Sabaean were the greatest engineers of their century.

Maqueda ruled a merchant people, whose ships bore her wealth all over the known world. Once a year her caravans went to Sasu, famous for its gold mines, and we are told how the expedition used to entrench itself behind carefully built hedges of thorns. On these they would expose ox flesh, salt and iron, all much coveted by the natives. These would come in, laden with pliable red gold, and exchange two or three ingots for each shoulder of beef or bar of salt! Maqueda's ships went out on six-month voyages, trading with India and Palestine, as her caravans did with Nubia and Assuan. The head of all her commerce, her minister of transport, was Tamrin, who directed the operations of many hundred camels and of 73 ships.

At this time Solomon was building the Temple of Jerusalem and, for its adornment, he wanted gold, ivory and sapphires. Tamrin agreed to supply them and he brought back marvelous tales of a king who was believed by his people to be a god, and who was employing 700 carpenters and 800 masons to build a temple for the miraculous Ark of the Covenant of which he was the guardian.

All this must have aroused the curiosity of the adventurous Maqueda,

who had already made many journeys in her own land, but the chroniclers disagree over the final reasons for visiting Solomon. Although Maqueda was beautiful, intelligent and of shrewd brain, all the chroniclers agree that she had a malformed foot. She had refused many suitors because she was sensitive about it. Perhaps, encouraged by Tamrin's stories of the wisdom of the Jewish king and of his magic powers, she thought he might cure her.

When she emerged before Solomon she was more beautiful than any of the women of his kingdom. So he welcomed her gladly and installed her, according to Moslem legend, in a palace specially built for her reception. It was made entirely of glass and over the floor flowed running water full of bright-colored fishes!

Solomon was a lover of women and by the end of his life he is supposed to have had a thousand wives. Naturally he fell in love with this exquisite southern princess, bolder, more venturesome and more intelligent than the women of his own country.

Already he had many wives and one queen, who was the mother of the five-year-old Rehoboam—so Maqueda refused him. An Arabic text makes Solomon say, "I will take thee to myself in lawful marriage—I am the king and thou shalt be the queen," but the Sabaean princess answered no word. Day after day Solomon sent gifts to the palace of glass, and pleaded, "Strike a covenant with me that I am only to take thee to wife of thy own free will—this shall be the condition between us. When thou shalt come to me, thou shalt become my wife by the law of the kings."

Maqueda agreed, since the matter was thus left in her own hands and

she was determined to have no royal lover. For weeks Solomon "instructed her in all the wisdom that he knew" and the girl queen thought he had forgotten his desire.

All legends agree that Solomon won her by a trick. He summoned all the palace cooks and ordered them to serve the queen nothing but the most highly seasoned dishes, full of pungent, aromatic spices and herbs. He then commanded that no water should be provided for the queen and imposed the death penalty on any who showed her where liquid could be found. On the third night Maqueda, driven mad by thirst, wandered round the palace, demanding drink. Her frightened servants could not find any water. The queen called for the guards, who told her: "Thou wilt find no water except by the couch of the king." For hours Maqueda struggled against her thirst, but, in the dawn, with parched lips and burning throat, she crept into Solomon's apartment. The king was apparently asleep and his ill-treated guest was able to drink from the pitcher beside him, but when she turned to leave her suitor sprang from the couch and exclaimed: "Verily thou hast become my wife by the law of kings."

Months later Maqueda insisted on returning to Axum. In vain Solomon implored her to stay in Jerusalem. Her spirit was hungry for the mountains of Ethiopia, but she agreed to her lover's request: "If God gives thee a son send him to me as soon as he reaches man's estate and I will make him king."

The queen asked how Solomon would know his son and the king gave her his ring, with which he sealed all the state documents. "Send this with my son," he said, "and let it be a token of the covenant between us." For 3000 years the rulers of Abyssinia have used the seal of Solomon engraved with the Judean lion, which title they also claim in virtue of their descent.

We are told that Solomon gave Maqueda 6000 wagonloads of beautiful

stuffs, jewels, perfumes, oils, myrrh and cassia. It is said that Maqueda took many months over her return journey of Axum, and on the way her child was born.

Axum welcomed him as the future king and Maqueda educated him in her stone palace. With her new wealth she increased her trade by sea and land and we are told of her victories all along the Red Sea coasts. Then, when the boy was 22 and "first among her warriors," she told him of his parentage and sent him on an embassy to Solomon in charge of the old and faithful Tamrin.

Here legends disagree. The Kebra Negast asserts that the young man had no desire to share a future throne with Rehoboam, the legitimate heir, so, after some time, he pleaded to be sent back to his own country. Eventually, after many refusals, the king agreed to his son's departure, but he ordered that a thousand eldest sons from each tribe of Israel should accompany his own.

Now, the Ark of the Covenant represented the presence of God to an intensely religious people. It was natural therefore that the 1200 young nobles should resent being separated from what had been the core of their spiritual life. At the last moment either they or the prince they followed decided to steal the Ark and take it to Axum with them. They had a copy made secretly by night; then they killed the carpenters and goldsmiths who had made it, so that none might betray the secret. Four priests were either bribed or forced to substitute the false Ark, and to carry away the original, for none but priests could move the sacred dwelling of the tablets of Moses.

Solomon pursued with his armies, but seas were bridged and the mountains of Axum split apart for the swift passage of the Ark! To this day the Abyssinians believe that the original tablets of Moses are preserved in the tabernacle of the Axum church, while the Ark is buried in the heart of the red rocks that guard it.

Pagan Virtues and Christian Graces

Condensed from *The Atlantic Monthly* (June '26)

A. Maude Royden

THERE are certain virtues which are practised by pagans; our Lord took for granted that every Christian would practise those virtues. "Except," He said, "your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of other people." We Christians have been very much inclined to emphasize what we may call the Christian virtues; to seek to practise those virtues which made Christ different from other men. We have forgotten that He took for granted the pagan virtues, and built the soaring edifice of Christian holiness upon that splendidly laid foundation.

What are the virtues that pagans—that is, non-Christian people—set store by? Courage, perhaps, first of all, but also a high sense of honor, and loyalty to one's friends, independence, magnanimity, and wisdom. Without these, there is no real virtue at all.

Christ took these virtues for granted. There is nowhere in His teaching the dreadful doctrine, developed by certain Christians, called "the total depravity of man." Christ never suggested that human beings were altogether evil and must be entirely changed if they are to be Christians, but rather assumes that most people are decent people. When He wanted to tell us what God is like, He said that God is like a human father, only greater and better. Christ assumed that most fathers are decent and kind. Or again, in the Sermon on the Mount, how persistently He assumed that people were, on the whole, decent people. Christ did not say, "I know that you never keep your vows, and therefore I tell you not to swear at all." He said, in effect: "Don't you realize that all this casuistry about what constitutes a binding oath and what does not means that your bare

word is not enough. In future do not swear at all." We Christians ought to be so honest that no one will require us to swear any oaths at all.

"Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy." Our Lord did not say, "Hateful creatures! You are incapable of loving anybody! You must be completely changed!" He assumed that His hearers really had lived up to that standard, but He said that it was not enough. They must now learn to love their enemies.

At every step in this great argument, Christ begins with a pagan virtue, and goes on from that to Christianity. Is not some of the disgust that our religious professions and even our religious life have awakened among non-Christian people due to the fact that we seek to practise the Christian graces of holiness and sanctity, without having acquired the rudimentary virtues of honesty, courage, loyalty, self-respect?

A person who is really religious, a person who is truly Christlike, is a person more gracious, more lovely, more adorable, than any pagan character that ever existed. But one dislikes the kind of person—so terribly common—who seeks to practise the Christian virtues of humility and self-sacrifice and love and peace before he has got courage or honesty or honor.

How often, for example, Christians "sacrifice" themselves, because they have not the courage to do otherwise. Self-sacrifice becomes merely abject, unless it is made by a person who could assert himself if he chose. Christ allowed Himself to be insulted and injured without making an effort to vindicate Himself, yet by that very

conduct commanded the worship of a world of warring men.

Christians lay great emphasis on such virtues as toleration and courtesy. Is not our toleration also sometimes due to lack of moral courage? When our Lord found a person who illtreated a child, He did not say, "Let us reflect that this person is probably a badly brought-up person." He said, "It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned. . . ." When He found real spiritual vileness He denounced it in language that terrifies the modern Christian, although it was generally people of power and position who excited that indignation.

It is easy for us to persuade ourselves that we have to practise the Christian virtues of gentleness and grace, when our real trouble is that we have not the pagan virtue of courage to begin with!

Over and over again, something is proposed that we feel to be wrong, and we decide that "it would not be Christian to judge." "Judge not, that ye be not judged." We refrain from "judging"; we refrain from protesting. One of the most dishonest things in public life is the dreadful plea that to say or to do the audacious thing will do harm to the work or to the society that we belong to. Christ did not care about these things, and we try in vain to imitate Him before we have laid the foundation of character.

I have found common honesty to be the rarest of the virtues practised by religious people. We want the common, decent, pagan virtue of loyalty to other human beings before we begin to talk about trust in God.

There is something that disgusts in Christian grace on a shoddy foundation. It is like a poor and cheap building which we cover with elaborate ornament. It is like anything that is false. And the average decent pagan is revolted by its dishonesty.

Humility is loathsome if it is not founded on self-respect. We must have the pagan virtue of self-respect

before we dare to have the Christian virtue of humility.

Had not Christ just those pagan virtues that so many of us Christians lack? With all His love and gentleness and mercy, how utterly courageous was His denunciation of all that was false and cowardly and bad! The tenderness with which He speaks of the outcast and the sinner is matched by His fierce denunciation of spiritual pride in high places. That was why His tenderness counted for so much. Had He done as we are so fond of doing, shutting our eyes to things that we know are wrong because we love to praise, refusing to see what is blameworthy because it seems cruel to see it, His praise would have been worth as little as ours so often is; His love would have effected nothing. But because men knew that His mercy was justice, because they realized that He was able to see through and through them and love them all the same, because His love rose up on the great foundation of truth and justice and clear-sightedness, it moved the world as nothing else has moved it.

In Christ every Christian grace was founded upon the rock of honor and loyalty, courage and justice, and a great strength. It is only the strong who can really be gentle. The gentleness of the feeble has in it something that repels; but the gentleness of strength, as with Christ, is adorable.

When Christ stood before Pilate with no protest on His lips, Pilate was afraid of Him. One can see that at every step. Christ was the judge—not Pilate. And the world has been in love with Him and afraid of Him ever since. We Christians must not expect any more that the world will be moved, or attracted, or anything but repelled, by grace and beauty sought without strength, by a Christian grace of character which has not the common honesty and courage at the heart of it. We have to realize that we Christians often repel the world as much as our Lord attracted it, because at the heart of our mercy there is weakness, at the heart of our self-sacrifice, fear.

Better Days for Western Banks

Condensed from *The Review of Reviews* (June '26)

Charles Moreau Harger

FOR two decades, in the territory west of the Mississippi, east of the Rocky Mountains, and including Missouri, Oklahoma and Colorado to the south, starting a country bank was one of the public's most popular undertakings. In the 11 commonwealths of that area, in 1920, there was a bank to every 1473 of the population; in North Dakota, the ratio was a bank to 720 persons, or 160 families. It was the nation's most "banked" section.

Small capital was required, a minimum of \$10,000 being allowed in most States. Gathering stock subscriptions of \$100 each from merchants, farmers, and professional men, all flattered by the opportunity of being connected with so distinguished a business as banking, was simple. It was even charged that energetic agents for bank fixtures organized institutions in order that they might equip them. Community pride also helped.

Exceedingly pleasant was the going for many years. The entire farm country was steadily progressing. Country banks kept all available assets at work at high interest rates and paid handsome dividends. Even the most inexperienced bankers carried on, for notes were paid with reasonable promptness and with farm realty increasing in value approximately \$5 an acre a year the security of their customers steadily was strengthened.

Along came the war. Wheat doubled, then tripled in value; corn became a treasure; livestock was a walking mint. Deposits were swollen. With them ballooned the loans. The producer seeing greater profits bought more land, more livestock, paying extravagant prices for both—and the bank loaned on the inflated value. Farms in Iowa sold for \$600 an acre;

previously they had been worth \$200 an acre. Even those bankers who had been through the depression of the '90's forgot that era's lessons and floated with the tide.

In the autumn of 1921 the entire farm country of the interior awoke to the realization that the honeymoon was over. The man who had agreed to pay \$80,000 for a 200-acre farm and had given mortgages for \$60,000 found that the land would sell for \$40,000—if he could find a buyer. The cattleman who had bought livestock at \$125 a head and had borrowed \$75 of it, discovered that he could not obtain in the market more than \$50 a head.

The banks shared in the difficulties attending the readjustment. Part of their boasted deposits went to pay loans; another part was drawn out for current needs. It was not unusual for a bank to lose one-fourth of its deposit account in 90 days. If it possessed abundant capital, had been conservative in making loans and foresighted in laying aside an adequate surplus in quickly negotiable paper, it easily rode the storm. But if, with meager capital, it had loaned to its limit on rural security, efforts to collect the notes were disappointing—the borrower had nothing cashable with which to liquidate.

One line of defense was open. The banker could place a bundle of notes with the War Finance Corporation, receiving credit. City banks aided their rural customers, re-discounting their paper and making direct bank loans. The Federal Reserve System aided in similar manner.

When all resources were exhausted, if deposits further declined and notes could not be collected, the doors were closed. A bank failure is a serious thing—it ties up the credit of business

and farm interests. For a time it paralyzes faith in development and leaves a long train of disaster for those unable to withstand financial loss. Hence banking departments were lenient—too lenient, perhaps—and gave every possible opportunity for rehabilitation.

Though the crest is passed, the end has not completely arrived. In the first four months of 1926, 20 banks were closed in Missouri, a half-dozen in Kansas, and a few in the other States. These are the fruit of the "frozen loans" carried over from the deflation period and not yet liquidated by the improved condition of agriculture.

From 1910 to 1920, in this territory, 116 banks failed, due to bad management—but many were later reopened. This is the story of failures during the next five years: Minnesota 140, Iowa 153, Missouri 96, Oklahoma 160, Colorado 45, Wyoming 53, Montana 173, North Dakota 273, South Dakota 194, Nebraska 102, Kansas 85; a total of 1474. This was 59 per cent of the 2486 bank failures for the entire United States for that half-decade. However, it must be remembered that in the same States more than 9000 banks did not fail, maintaining complete solvency.

State banking departments have sought to minimize failures by stricter examination, limitation of the number of banks, and higher qualification for organization. Beginning 16 years ago, legislation added another feature which proposed to insure depositors from loss. This was the guaranty of deposits, for State banks, based on the theory of creating a fund through assessments on a large group of institutions to pay in full losses incurred by those suffering embarrassment. Mr. Bryan had much to do with writing the first guaranty law, that of Oklahoma, in 1907. He declared it would solve forever the problem of banking safety. In the post-war period seven other States followed the Oklahoma precedent.

Two methods were followed. In one, as in Kansas, the banks volun-

tarily became members of the group that authorized assessment on their resources to meet the losses of failed institutions within the fund list. In Kansas 700 of the 1000 State banks became members. By the other plan, as in Nebraska, Oklahoma, the Dakotas, and Texas, membership was compulsory and every State bank was subject to the assessments to guarantee losses.

Oklahoma had 70 failures from 1920 to 1923; over \$10,000,000 in claims were pending. The legislature repealed the law, leaving the claims unpaid. South Dakota repealed its law last year; the unmet losses are estimated at \$15,000,000. In North Dakota, about \$4,000,000 in claims remain to be adjusted. One house of its legislature voted to repeal the statute, but the bill failed in the other house and the law yet stands. In Kansas, the guaranty system is in effect defunct. Kansas has 300 more banks than needed, according to Governor Paulen. Larger capital and fewer banks are the factors most essential to the solidity of financial institutions.

The weak institutions have largely been weeded out of the interiors' banking industry. A few more failures probably will follow, but mostly they will be the smaller concerns whose communities have not made vigorous strides toward renewed prosperity. The village bank is suffering from motoritis. The farmer in his automobile whirls by to transact business with the large bank in the county seat or other population center.

It now seems probable that legislatures will strengthen the situation by requiring adequate capital. Thereby will be eliminated much of the rivalry for business. Desire for profits led to chance-taking that in the end proved disastrous.

Gradually the financial structure of the rural communities is being brought back to normal. Every banker is determined to restrain his customers from hazardous borrowing and, taught by experience, to pursue a course of strict conservatism.

Birds That Annihilate Space

Condensed from Travel (June '26)

Harry C. Oberholser

FEW persons travel 22,000 miles each year to visit home! Yet the Arctic tern, one of those beautiful gray and white sea birds that are sometimes called "sea swallows," makes such a journey, 11,000 miles each way, every year from its winter home in the Antarctic to the equally barren Arctic region, just for the privilege of rearing its young there.

The migratory movements of birds have attracted the attention of man from early times. Even Homer in his *Iliad* mentions the flights of cranes, swans, and wild geese; and Aristotle tells of the migration of larks, swallows, and other birds; but only in comparatively modern times has there been much really thorough investigation of these phenomena. There are many problems that still baffle our efforts to solve. Even so common a North American bird as the chimney swift disappears after its autumn southward journey into its yet unknown winter home. Such mysterious disappearances have in days gone by given rise to false explanations; the swallows for instance, were supposed every autumn to burrow into the mud, to sink under the water, or to retire into caves, there in a torpid state to pass the winter.

The real home of a bird is its breeding-place, to which it returns usually each year. So far as known, no bird breeds in the north and in the south, or even in two otherwise widely separated places during the same year.

On their migratory journeys birds do not travel in a haphazard way, but in general traverse well-defined routes. Moreover, it is interesting to find that many birds follow very circuitous routes on their migration journeys.

For instance, the cliff swallows that return from South America to the northeastern United States do not fly across the West Indies and up the Atlantic Coast, as would be naturally expected, but journey by way of Central America, eastern Mexico, and Texas. Some species return from their winter quarters by a route different from that followed on their southward journey. Thus, the well-known golden plover moves, from its summer home in Arctic America, in large part southeastwardly to Nova Scotia and thence over the Atlantic Ocean to South America; but when northward bound it chooses to pass through Central America and the central United States. The Connecticut warbler, too, moves in autumn, from its breeding ground in the central northern part of the United States, eastward to the Atlantic Coast, and thence southward through the Eastern United States to South America; but it returns by a direct route west of the Allegheny Mountains.

The Chief Old World routes are (1) from northern Europe and Asia to western Africa; (2) from central Europe and western Asia to eastern Africa; and (3) from Siberia to the East Indies and eastern India.

Some birds, fitted by their food habits for obtaining a livelihood under winter conditions in the more northern regions, do not migrate at all; some withdraw from only the northernmost part of their range. Others migrate to Central America or the West Indies; still others to northern or even southern South America. The little blackpoll warbler travels all the way from Alaska or northern Canada regularly as far as Brazil, and it has gone even to Chile. The champion

long distance traveler, however, is the Arctic tern, already mentioned.

There are few more amazing things in the life of birds than the ability of even tiny land birds to fly long distances without rest or food, with little or no physical exhaustion. Small insectivorous birds like the American wood warblers, when on migration, regularly in a single flight cross the 600 or 700 miles of watery expanse of the Gulf of Mexico; while similarly the golden plover flies from Nova Scotia over the waters of the western Atlantic to the eastern West Indies, a distance of some 2400 miles.

In addition to their regular migration journeys, birds driven by storms or, we may imagine, seeking adventure, often wander far. To such must be attributed the appearance of the upland plover in Denmark, an American individual of the common tern on the Niger River in western Africa, the European black-headed gull in the West Indies and eastern Mexico, and many others that might be mentioned.

On their migration journeys the individual birds travel more or less independently, though often in loose straggling companies which have not the cohesion of a flock. Hawks, ducks, geese, swallows, and some other birds, however, migrate often in well-defined flocks, sometimes of considerable size.

In many instances, and particularly is this the case with song birds, the males are the first to put in their appearance in spring, as it were to look over the ground before the arrival of the birds that are to be their mates. In the autumn the adults in some cases start southward first, and the young birds of the year follow; sometimes the young are the first to leave, followed by their parents.

The speed at which birds travel is an interesting feature of migration. Most of the smaller song birds do not fly faster than 20 to 35 miles per hour, but certain ducks can make up to 60 or 80 miles, some falcons 100 miles, and some of the large swifts as much

as 200 miles per hour. The higher velocities, of course, can not be maintained over an extended course. Since, however, most migrations consist of alternate periods of flight and rest or feeding, it follows that the actual average speed of the journeys might bear little or no relation to the maximum possible speed at which birds can fly.

Most birds migrate at an altitude between 150 and 3000 feet above the earth; some kinds up to 5000 feet, and a few up to 15,000; while geese have been seen crossing the Himalaya Mountains at an altitude of six and a half miles.

When migrating hosts of small land birds, like wood warblers, vireos, and thrushes, meet a severe unexpected storm in the spring they usually remain where the storm catches them until it has passed. This sometimes results in the crowding of birds into a relatively small area until they become extraordinarily abundant. At such times, often hard pressed for food, even the shy forest birds come familiarly into the trees and shrubbery of the busy streets of cities. A striking example of this "banking up" of migrant birds took place in the region about Washington, D. C., in May, 1882.

Among all the interesting features of bird migration none is more astonishing and mysterious than the unerring instinct that leads these travelers across thousands of miles of trackless ocean or unknown land to the winter abiding-place of their ancestors, and back again to the same summer home from which they fared forth on their adventurous journey. To this instinct we must likewise ascribe the ability of a domestic carrier pigeon to find its way for 5000 miles from Rio Janeiro, Brazil, back to its home in Pennsylvania. For want of a better name we may call this faculty the sixth sense—the sense of direction. Having so named it, however, we have left the migration of birds still an alluring mystery.

The Decline of Conversation

Condensed from Harper's Magazine (May '26)

Albert J. Nock

THE more one thinks of it, the more one finds in Goethe's remark that the test of civilization is conversation. The civilization of a country consists in the quality of life that is lived there, and this quality shows plainest in the things that people choose to talk about.

Man has certain fundamental instincts which must find some kind of collective expression in the society in which he lives. The first and fundamental one is the instinct of expansion, the instinct for continuous improvement in material well-being and economic security. Then there is the instinct of religion and morals, of beauty, of social life and manners. Human society, to be permanently satisfactory, must not only express all these instincts, but must express them all in due balance, proportion, and harmony.

Ever since I stumbled on Goethe's observation—now more than 20 years ago—I have studied conversation more closely than any other social phenomenon. The most significant thing that I have noticed about it in America is that there is so little of it, and as time goes on there seems less and less of it. The exercise of ideas and imagination has become unfashionable.

Years ago Brand Whitlock told me this story: Mr. Finkman, junior partner of Maisner and Finkman, turned up at the store one Monday morning, full of delight at the wonderful time he had had at his partner's house the evening before—excellent company, interesting conversation, a supreme occasion in every respect. After dinner, he said, "We go in the parlor and all the evening until midnight we sit and talk it business."

Those whose interests are not pure-

ly commercial also show this tendency. Musicians, writers, painters, and the like seem to be at their best and to enjoy themselves most when they "talk it business." For the most part, like Mr. Finkman, these people begin to be most interested at the moment when the instinct of expansion takes charge of conversation and gives it a directly practical turn.

One wonders why this should be so. Why should Mr. Finkman himself, after six days' steady service of the instinct of expansion, be happiest when he yet "talks it business" on the seventh? It is because he has managed to drive the whole current of his being through the relatively narrow channel set by the instinct of expansion. By this excessive simplification of existence Mr. Finkman has established the American formula of success. He makes money, but money is his incidental reward; his real reward is in the continuous exhilaration that he gets out of the processes of making it.

Conversation depends upon a copiousness of general ideas and an imagination to marshal them. When one "talks it business," one's ideas may be powerful, but they are special; one's imagination may be vigorous, but its range is small. Hence proceeds the habit of particularizing—usually, too, by way of finding the main conversational staple in personalities.

The other day a seasoned hostess of New York's society said that conversation at her dinner-table had about reached the disappearing-point. She had as much trouble about getting her guests into conversation as one has with youngsters at a children's party, and all the conversation she could prod out of them nowadays,

aside from personalities, came out in the monotonous minute-gun style of particular declaration and perfunctory assent.

We go into dinner talking personalities. The theater—we talk about the leading lady's gowns and mannerisms, and her little ways with her first husband. Books—we hash over all the author's rotten press-agentry from the make of his pajamas to the way he does his hair. Personalities taper off. Silence. Then someone pulls himself together. "Isn't it splendid to see the great example that America is setting in the right use of wealth? Just think, for instance, of all the good that Mr. Rockefeller has done with his money."

Guests in unison, "Uh-huh."

There can be no conversation when everyone simply agrees.

One reads advertisements of enterprising people who engage to make you shine in conversation. They propose to do this by loading you up with a prodigious number of facts of all kinds. On this theory of conversation, a statistician with Macaulay's memory is the ideal practitioner of social amenities.

Mr. Finkman's excessive simplification of life has made anything like the free play of ideas utterly incomprehensible to him. He never deals with ideas except such limited and practical ones as may help get him something, and he cannot imagine anyone ever choosing to do differently. He is bored when someone tries to lead up into a general intellectual sparring for mere points.

One manifestation of this restraint is the eagerness with which we turn to substitutes for conversation. After a dinner it is at once necessary to "do something"—the theater, opera, cabaret, dancing, motoring, or what not—and to keep on doing something as long as the evening lasts. It is astonishing to see the amount of energy devoted to keeping out of conversation. Almost every informal in-

itation reads, "to dinner, and then we'll do something." Quite often one finds oneself going through this routine with persons who would really rather converse, but who go through it apparently because it is the thing to go through.

In discussing this subject, a friend said to me: "I have sat at dinner-tables in Europe with every shade of opinion. I should say, and in one way or another they all came out. Each one spoke his mind, and none of us felt any pressure towards agreement. That's what the dinner was got up for."

To an observer passing through America it would be plain that Mr. Finkman had succeeded in living an exhilarating life from day to day without the aid of any power but concentration—without reflection, without ideas, and without ideals. He has got on without them to what he considers success, and hence he sees no need of them.

Unlike many observers, I do not deplore this situation. It seems to me important that Mr. Finkman should be unchecked in directing the development of American civilization to suit himself. I believe it will be a most salutary experiment for the richest and most powerful nation in the world to give a long, fair try-out to the policy of living by the instinct of expansion alone. If the United States cannot make a success of it, no nation ever can, and none, probably, will ever attempt it again. Besides, Mr. Finkman may prove himself right; he may prove that man can live a full and satisfying life without intellect, without beauty, without religion and morals, and with but the most rudimentary social life and manners, provided only he has unlimited exercise of the instinct of expansion. If Mr. Finkman proves this, he will have the laugh on many like myself who at present have the whole course of human history behind our belief that no such thing can be done.

Across Africa by Motor

Excerpts from *The National Geographic* (June '26)

Georges-Marie Haardt

FIFTEEN thousand miles by motor through the heart of Africa reads almost like a figment of Jules Verne's imagination, but it represents the actual accomplishment of the Central African Expedition, which it was my privilege to lead from Algeria to Mozambique. Eight automobiles equipped with caterpillar tractors made the trip in nine months. Each of the cars could accommodate three persons and, with its trailer, was an independent unit, carrying its own tools, tents, and foodstuffs. If separated from the others, a one-car contingent could provide for its own needs for several days. . . . A detailed account of all our adventures must be reserved for several volumes, but I am including here the more interesting incidents of the journey.

Crossing the desert we traveled more than 330 miles without finding a drop of water. We saw the dried skeletons of several travelers who had died of thirst. The Arabs say that death in the desert from thirst is an indescribable sustained torture in which the whole body dries up. The contact of clothing becomes insufferable and it is discarded, but only to let the cruel rays of the scorching sun inflict additional torment.

The desert peoples exercise great care in dealing with those who are suffering severely from thirst, as it would be fatal to give them drink at once. First, their lips are moistened, then the body is rubbed gently with a wet cloth and bathed slowly for several hours. A small quantity of milk is administered after a while, and finally a swallow of water.

At Dosso we came across a hunter disguised as a bird. From a piece of wood he had carved a bird's head and neck, feathered it, and supplied eyes

and an open beak. He placed this device around his forehead and went into the bush on all fours. Moving slowly and stopping at times to peck at the ground, just as a real bird might have done, he was able to approach close enough to birds and hares to kill them with a stick.

Under the escort of 3000 of Sultan Barmou's Hausa riders, we arrived at Tessawa amid the noise of tom-toms and trumpets. Barmou is one of the few living men who can claim the possession of 100 wives. His wives do nearly everything but breathe and eat for him, from the time of their earliest morning greeting, when they prostrate themselves in the dust, till the end of the day, when they dance for their lord before he retires.

At Zinder, we observed an interesting ceremony of the Peuhl tribe, known as flagellation. It is a ritual performed by youths who have reached the age of manhood and who wish to take unto themselves wives. Before a numerous gathering of women, who sing and clap their hands to the rhythm of tom-toms, the aspirants approach, naked to the waist. An old man carrying a branch strikes each youth a severe blow on his chest or back, while another venerable member of the tribe crouches at the feet of the candidates to watch their movements. Ten or a dozen blows are thus delivered on each boy's bare skin, but he must not move or exhibit any sign of pain, and during the whole of the ordeal must sing a psalm of praise. If he passes successfully this test of fortitude he is considered a man. The scars of the flagellation are often carried through life.

The Mazzas have a hideous custom of mutilating the lips of their women by piercing holes in them and insert-

ing wooden disks. These disks are gradually made larger and larger until the lips are stretched to incredible proportions, sometimes as big as breakfast plates. A woman who is not thus mutilated is not considered a desirable person for a wife. When one of these poor creatures eats she resembles a pelican. At each bite she must lift her upper lip with one hand and slip the food into her mouth with the other. The victims of this bizarre custom are often rendered practically speechless. So difficult is it for them to pronounce a word that their own people can seldom understand them.

Near Fort Archambault we first came across the Yondos, a secret sect. Clothes are quite unknown to them, their only attire consisting of a thin strip of cloth and a bead belt. They paint their bodies with a sort of ochre clay, and adorn themselves with glass-bead necklaces, copper and iron bracelets, and an ostrich-plume headdress. Much of their time is spent seated upon small stools, which they always carry with them. They communicate with each other by means of prolonged guttural coughs, which have a meaning known only to them.

Before we left Fort Archambault the natives organized a beauty contest for our benefit. Five hundred maidens—slender and supple—were lined up. The two town chiefs, wearing black spectacles as a token of high rank, acted as judges and subjected the entrants to a severe scrutiny. However, the deciding factor which proclaimed the fairest beauty was her fine feet.

A native funeral provided an interesting spectacle at Bangui. The deceased was adorned in his fullest attire—a belt, a necklace, and a feathered hat—and placed on a stool with his back resting against a stake. The whole population of the village gathered around him in a great circle, and musicians set up a bedlam of weird sounds. The old folks sang praises of the departed, while a group of hired women mourners cried out in an apparent abandon of grief. Finally, the great circle broke up and formed two

circles, one within the other, and each started a disorderly dance around the corpse to start him off on the right road into the Kingdom of the Shadows.

At Yalinga we saw an elephant hunt by fire, a barbarous practice yet commonly employed. The natives cut a circular path around the places where the elephants forage, leaving nothing along this path which might burn. When the great beasts have entered this circle the villagers are noiselessly posted around the edge. They are provided with torches, and at a given signal fire the bush and grass within the circle. Frantic with terror, and defenseless and blinded by smoke, the elephants huddle together, while the natives kill them with their spears or wait until the fire has destroyed them.

In the Belgian Congo we traveled for more than 375 miles over a trail cut through the forest for us by our Belgian friends, who employed 40,000 natives in its construction and completed it in less than a month.

The native African of the Equatorial Forest has a sort of "radio" system that serves his purpose admirably. The instrument used is a huge signal drum of peculiar construction. By means of a code, the natives can relay messages over long distances in a very short time. The drum may be heard from six to ten miles.

We rather doubted the efficiency of this strange telegraph until we were forced to believe by personal experience. When passing through a certain village we asked its chief for four chickens to be brought to us a short distance ahead on the road we were to follow. As the drum player struck the message off on his instrument, we drove rapidly away, so that the chief could not cheat by sending runners off ahead of us. Three miles beyond the village a native stood by the roadside with the four chickens we had asked for. We were convinced.

The Mating Season of Co-Education

Condensed from Scribner's Magazine (June '26)

Frank R. Arnold

ACCORDING to whether sex blows hot or cold, a girl student becomes an enemy or an advocate of the co-educational system. Sex in the case of normal girls is a bigger business, with more insistent demands, a far more alluring game, than careers or intellectual joys, and so there are few girl students who, once having tasted the joys of co-education, desire to forego them. Most girl products of the co-educational system probably hold the same opinion as a graduate of the University of Wisconsin who remarked that a girl couldn't have a good time in college unless she were engaged. She herself had been engaged four times, once each college year. She was a girl of the type known to mothers as "thoroughly nice," and nothing in her conduct was open to criticism except possibly the fixed idea that any man's society was more interesting than a woman's. Sex with her was eternally in evidence, though never rampant, eternally calling for mild satisfaction like that of the Western student who went to Harvard to do graduate work and wrote to a chum that he should go crazy if he didn't find pretty soon some nice girl he could kiss.

The male student, however, is less concerned with sex than business. He often feels that co-education is as distracting as spring fever, because it is so productive of what is known in modern college slang as "female trouble." When you say of a boy student that he has female trouble you mean that he is all upset and unable to work because his girl hasn't written him, or because she is walking past the house, or because she has gone to a dance with a better man than he. How prevalent this distracting female trouble is may be seen by answers to a questionnaire conducted by a Western college paper. The girls

wisely sent in no answers. Some of the men's answers were flippant but favorable. Co-education made a man shave every day. It kept him from being a brute. It broke up the Adamantine monotony of classes. Most of the answers, however, brought up the distracting side of the question. No sense in wasting your time with "Janes," but you couldn't help it when you met them at every turn of the road. Ladies were always lying in wait for a student who wanted to study. Women take too much of your time, was the gist of the matter. The general opinion was that the Amherst or Williams man, with Smith and Holyoke girls within easy reach, but fortunately not within the gates, was far more favorably situated than the middle Western student whose daily fare was flavored with the feminine at every moment of the day.

Two boys, both with high school love affairs on their hands, went to a Western co-educational college. The first two years they worked well and remained faithful to their high school girls. The next year the high school girls graduated and one boy advised his beloved to go to the State university, as he was at the State agricultural college and both realized that if they were to do any real college work they would have to live apart. Freed from sex obsessions, the boy made a good record in his junior year. He was elected president of his fraternity and also of his journalistic club. He wrote and sold five articles for farm papers. He was associate editor of the college paper. Most marvellous of all, he read a considerable number of unrequired books. The other boy could not keep his girl from following him to his college and with her passed a purely sexual year. He dropped his fraternity life, studied only enough to get passing marks, let

the French and dramatic clubs, of which he had been elected president, die of inanition, and read nothing except absolute essentials. He had no thought in his head beyond flight to his girl's arms, and by the end of the year he had no plans in life except to find a teaching position that would enable him to get married. The girl, who was simply marking time and whose conversation was restricted to exclamations such as "How nice!" and "That's lovely!" had no conception of her *metier de femme* that went so far as putting ambition into her future husband or even sharing any that he might have. The two children were helpless in the grip of sex, and co-education was responsible. The case will recur constantly as long as colleges find no way of impressing on their students the elementary fact that co-educational colleges exist not as pleasure clubs, but as schools for the training of human beings.

A graduate of a Western agricultural college attended Oxford for three years. "At four in the afternoon," he said, "we would gather in various rooms for afternoon tea and talk. It was then I learned for the first time how extremely agreeable is men's conversation. Until then my idea of pleasure had been to take a girl to a dance or to a movie. The French, I understand, consider conversation as a national game, but you'll never get that point of view at a co-educational college."

Another false standard is the inherent right which every man feels to show good-fellowship and affection toward college girls in public. A Yale student who came to teach in a Rocky Mountain college remarked that the way in which the sexes fondled each other in public was the most remarkable thing about the college. The men were always grabbing the arms or waists of girl students to help them upstairs or down, into chapel or out of lectures. The Yale man asked a student why so much love-making was done in public. "Hell! That ain't love-making," he answered. "That's just pawing."

Co-education may be the best training ground for a pre-marital understanding of the opposite sex, but, on the other hand, it holds too constantly alert the mating instinct in woman. The crying need of the world is mental mothers. Physical, passionate mothers we have in abundance. But the mothers we need, the mothers who are to stimulate mentally the town, family, and church are all too rare and are not likely to be produced by the co-educational institutions. Such mothers need years of meditative acquisition, mental brooding as well as physical, and the fault of co-education is that it awakens the mating mother instinct too early. Whether you look at it from the point of view of the man or woman, student co-education interferes with the main business of life of the student, which, from 18 to 22, is preparation for being a good homo rather than stimulation of the mating impulse.

This point of view was admirably brought out by a superintendent of schools in one of the "cow counties" of a Western State. He had moved to the capital to educate his five children, the oldest a girl of 16. For her he demanded a private school for girls and gave the following explanation: "I want my daughter to have some girlhood. Co-education in high school or college won't let her. It eliminates normal girlhood. If I let her go to our country high school she would have to be like other girls, go to dances three times a week and get married when she is 17 and be a worn-out married woman with four or five children by the time she is 23. I want her to associate with girls whose mothers don't want them to marry until they have had an undistracted opportunity to get an education in high school and college. In our cow county we think an unmarried girl of 23 has every chance to be an old maid. I think she is just beginning to have sense enough to venture on marriage. I've known nothing but co-education all my life, and I'd like to try something else for my children."

Puritanism and Prosperity

Condensed from *The Atlantic Monthly* (June '26)

Reinhold Niebuhr

AMERICAN prosperity is rapidly becoming the most important fact and the most difficult problem in international life. Europe is so deeply in debt to us that she can repay our loans only by reducing her standard of living for generations. In spite of our extravagant standards of living we are producing a billion dollars more wealth annually than we consume and are increasing our foreign holdings each year by that amount. An English economist has prophesied that, at the present rate, American investments in the outside world would exceed the combined wealth of Germany and France by 1950. These foreign investments in private enterprise are bringing high dividends, justified by the risk involved, but which will increasingly appear from the perspective of an impoverished Europe as the exorbitant tribute that a wealthy empire is pressing out of poor dependencies. Any cursory glance at the journals of Europe must convince even the most heedless American that tides of hatred, mixed with envy, are rising against us in the world, which bode no good either for us or for the peace of nations.

The development of sufficient social intelligence and moral imagination to control the vast and intricate economic relationships that modern inventions have made inevitable is an urgent duty which the entire world faces, but of all nations it is most urgent for us; for our nation, which is economically most powerful, is also politically most inept. When we insist that the problems of the modern world can be solved by a "business-like settlement" we are merely saying that we want a simple solution which does not take into account those complex and illusive factors with which politics deals.

Our prosperity will increasingly become a primary problem in domestic morality as well as in international relationships. We have built the first civilization in the history of the world in which wealth and prosperity have become the portion of the common man. In all previous civilizations the robust virtues have been maintained by a large middle class living in genteel poverty, in which it was protected from the vices which flourish in extravagance on the one hand and in abject poverty on the other. Whatever we may be able to do in the future to make wealth serve the interests of the spiritual life, it must be confessed that the past does not encourage the hope that the finest virtues can be maintained except where there are large classes who are challenged to heroism by life's handicaps, but are not tempted to despair by insurmountable difficulties.

It may be more profitable to search for the source of our prosperity than to speculate on its possible effects; for we may find in its source a clue to the solution of the problems with which it confronts us. There is, of course, nothing mysterious about many of the sources of our prosperity. We have made fruitful use of modern science in unlocking the uncommon opulence of nature on our continent. We have not been hampered by the irrelevances of national boundaries or shattered by the periodic national conflicts which have devastated Europe. Perhaps our climate has given our people a superior energy and immigration has supplied us with workers highly selected for a daring enterprise.

But for an adequate explanation of American prosperity we must examine one factor which has hitherto been hardly noted. We know that the pres-

tige and dignity of the business man in the modern world are in striking contrast to his position in the ancient world, in which only soldiers, priests, and philosophers were honored.

As the medieval cities grew, commercial enterprise received a certain amount of social recognition, but on the whole the traditional attitude toward all secular tasks was maintained until the time of the Reformation. The new spirit in modern business is really a by-product of the doctrine of the Reformation of the "sanctity of all work," a doctrine which was sharply outlined in Protestantism's conflict with monasticism. This emphasis on the sanctity of all work made the ethical resources of the religious life, which had been previously exploited only in monastic seclusion, available for business enterprise. The first direct result of this change was a higher type of honesty, without which the intricate credit relationships of modern business could not be maintained. The Dutch Huguenots, for example, gained a large place in international commerce because of their reputation for honesty. With a higher type of honesty came also a greater diligence; for the traditional odium attached to business enterprise was destroyed; a person might give himself completely to commercial pursuits without diminution of social prestige or moral self-respect. Profit-seeking became morally respectable.

The proof that the spirit of modern industry and commerce, with their unashamed secular ends, is closely related to religious ideas may easily be found. Protestant Prussia is industrial and Catholic Bavaria is largely agrarian, Protestant Scotland is industrial and Catholic Ireland is agrarian, while Protestant Ulster is again industrial.

In all the nations of Europe, even in nominally Protestant countries, the medieval spirit is still powerful. The significance of America lies in the fact that our business life developed under sanctions wholly Puritan. In Germany, even until the World War,

great industrialists were admitted to the court only if they were identified with the military aristocracy, through reserve commissions in the army. In England it has been customary until quite recently for industrial magnates to buy country estates and attempt, if possible, to obscure the commercial sources of their new wealth.

America is the only nation of the Western World that developed the new attitude toward business totally unhampered by religious and moral traditions which date back to medieval and classical antiquity. Completely emancipated from these ancient scruples against business enterprise, we have been able to give ourselves to commercial tasks with a passion unknown to Europe. That is the real secret of our phenomenal success.

The moral limitations of our American civilization are due to the complete sanctification of secular motives as well as secular tasks. Our religious traditions are no longer adequate to our present situation; they lack the social imagination to guide us in the use of our power. A Puritan paganism has developed in which the sins of the senses are abhorred and the sins of the mind are embraced. It has in it a touch of hypocrisy; and it is this hypocrisy which is producing the reaction of cynicism among the critics of our American civilization. American business life has been dominated for a few generations by these Puritan pagans, who knew how to combine a meticulous private morality with an unashamed passion for profit and power. A wealth so vast has been produced that it tends to destroy the original Puritan virtues and finally to produce a pure paganism that shuns neither the sins of the senses nor the sins of the mind.

We need a religion and an ethic which know how to deal with greed as well as with dishonesty, and which have effectual restraints upon the paganism of power and pride as well as upon the paganism of licentious pleasure.

By the Way

Excerpts from *The Outlook* and *The Dearborn Independent*

THE average weekly movie audience in the United States is estimated at 130,000,000. Of the estimated 20,000 theaters in this country, only 500 now exist without the aid of the moving pictures.

A million dollars in pennies is fed into vending machines each day by the American public.

A bankable check for \$1000 was transmitted across the ocean by cable from London to New York, where it was endorsed and honored at once.

The world's population is increasing at the rate of about 20,000,000 a year.

One of the first locomotive "head-lights" in this country was a car on which a fire was kept burning. This car was pushed ahead of the engine.

A sharp increase in the American tariff virtually destroyed the straw hat industry in Tuscany, Italy, and threw 100,000 people out of work. . . . The word "tariff" comes from the town of Tarifa at the entrance of the Strait of Gibraltar where passing ships were stopped for tribute in days of old.

Berlin police are wearing bullet-proof armor of light, flexible steel plates.

It costs \$6167 to rear a girl and \$6077 to rear a boy to the age of 18, according to a life insurance company's statistics.

The average wage in America is \$5.60 a day in comparison with \$2.28 in England; \$1.55 in Germany; \$1.24 in France; \$1.14 in Belgium, and \$0.96 in Italy.

The Bible is today printed in 572 languages.

France has given permission for 36,000 Jewish families to settle in that country. One Jewish family per village is the rule to be followed.

There are two and a half million wives in India under ten years of age.

To shame co-eds in their public use of powder puffs, lipsticks and rouge, men students of the University of California shaved in class.

New York University is sponsoring an "Around the World College" as part of its regular course. This floating university, with 450 students, will visit five continents, 35 countries, and 50 foreign ports in its 240-day cruise.

Ex-President Harding, speaking in Seattle a short time before he died, said, "Fur farming will become as permanent a source of wealth as cotton in the South or corn in the Midwest."

Tourist trains composed of cars that have bedrooms instead of berths, and that also have recreation hall-gymnasium cars, will be operated in America this summer.

A dog and cat laundry has been opened in Brockton, Mass. An attendant calls at the home for the animals, and delivers them fully bathed, massaged and marcelled.

The Canadian wheat belt has been extended northward more than 100 miles by the propagation of garnet wheat, a new early maturing grain.

Christmas trees in France are potted and used for several years, after which they are planted in forests again.

Mr. Adolph Ochs, owner of the New York Times, says that every issue of his paper costs \$50,000, or approximately 14 cents a copy. It is sold for two cents a copy. The difference is more than made up by the advertising sold.

We have known some people who are so fond of arguing that they won't even eat any food that agrees with them.

A man in Buffalo, New York, has just been arrested for selling 30-cent

fountain pens to the deceased residents of that city for \$8. A similar scheme was carried on in New York City for many months: A man bought the first editions of the morning papers and clipped out the obituary columns. Immediately he carried to the post office wrapped-up bottles of some inexpensive medicine to be mailed C. O. D. to each name on his death list. A few hours later the package would be delivered and some mourner or relative of the deceased, thinking that it had been legitimately ordered, would pay the C. O. D. charges. In this way the operator sold from 50 to 100 bottles of his worthless remedy each day.

Last winter's press chronicled the many sums that were paid to Red Grange, football star, for the use of his name. But little did he believe that one of the main sources of his income would be from the sale of a five-cent candy bar bearing his name. With the royalty of one-quarter of a cent for each package sold, Mr. Grange and his manager have already split \$59,000 in income from the candy sale alone. . . . A cigarette firm has paid him \$1000 for his recommendation, although "Red" does not smoke.

The editor of a Texas country newspaper recently moved into Dallas and deposited \$50,000 in one of the local banks. He had been publishing his little country paper for 30 years. When asked the secret of his great financial success, he said: "I attribute my ability to retire with a \$50,000 bank account after 30 years in the country newspaper field to close application to duty, also hewing to the mark and letting the chips fall where they may, the most rigorous rules of economy, never spending a cent foolishly, everlastingly keeping at my job, and the death of an uncle who left me \$49,999.50."

A whole radio program has been broadcast from East Pittsburgh, received by London, and retransmitted to British India, thus joining East and West through the medium of the ether.

Eskimos, terrorized by the appearance of "a devil" fell down in panic when Captain Wilkins flew over 140 miles of unexplored polar regions.

The rat trap used by Lincoln to catch a rodent which had ruined his best suit was recently sold at auction.

Although Russia fights for recognition by other governments, she persists in closing the door to visitors. Only 1664 persons were permitted to visit Soviet Russia in 1925. Only 113 Americans were admitted.

The British Parliament, in 1833, refused to sanction the building of a railroad in England on the grounds that it would corrupt the morals of the Eton boys by giving them easy access to the dissipations of London.

The death ray was used by Archimedes in 300 B. C. at the battle of Syracuse when, by means of huge mirrors, he concentrated the sun's rays and burned the Roman galleys.

A watchmaker accidentally split a fine steel instrument just as he was about to sign a document. No quill being at hand he used the ruined tool. Thus came about the invention of the steel pen.

An absent-minded person has been defined as one who thinks he left his watch at home and then takes it out to see if he has time to go home and get it.

Three thousand Japanese "picture brides" have been registered for transportation to Brazil, the same number to Argentina, and 2000 to Mexico. Great colonies of Japanese bachelors live in these countries.

The national debt could be paid in 20 years with the money handed over annually by the American "investing" public to stock swindlers.

It takes 20 minutes to affix Georgia's great seal to a document, because of the complicated process of 1799 still in use, requiring a dye, gilt paper, wax wafers, paper wafers, and ribbons.

Rayon — The Man-Made Fiber

Condensed from The Review of Reviews (June '26)

Theodore Wood

NO stock available to the public." In a recent Wall Street bulletin, this comment appears in connection with the principal Rayon-producing companies in the United States. The owners have such a good thing that they are keeping it in the family.

It is said of the largest and oldest manufacturer of Rayon—Courtauld's Limited, of England—that an investment of \$500 made in this company by a country parson in 1913 has today a market value of \$1,550,000.

What, then, is this Rayon that has brought to one Company, at least, success comparable to that of Ford Motor and Standard Oil? The word is a coined term to designate the first and only man-made fiber—formerly called artificial silk. It is not, however, artificial silk any more than a motor-car is an artificial horse.

Here is an infant industry having all the ear-marks of a prodigy. The Rayon industry was first introduced into this country in 1910; in 1911 about 300,000 pounds were produced, and 35,000,000 pounds in 1923. During 1926 the production will likely exceed 74,000,000 pounds.

Since antiquity, men have used cotton, wool, silk, and flax to make garments and other fabrics. It remained for a French nobleman and a chemist, Count Hildaire de Chardonnet, to undertake to find out how the silk worm, after industriously eating mulberry leaves, produced silk to make its cocoon, the original sleeping bag.

In 1889, as a result of his researches, Count Chardonnet gave to the world its first commercially successful process for producing Rayon. This he accomplished in his laboratory by

chewing up chemically not only the mulberry leaves, but also the tree itself. The fiber that he produced so much resembled natural silk that it was termed "artificial silk," by which name it was known until four years ago, when the word "Rayon" was agreed upon by those who made it.

Some years later a process was discovered in England for making Rayon from either cotton fibers or spruce wood, and the Germans found still another method of doing the same thing.

For years, the fiber was weak, coarse, irregular, difficult to weave and dye, and its luster was too glaring for good taste. The first great commercial success came to Courtauld's Limited, an English concern incorporated in 1904, who, through patient development of the process, improved the product so that the demand for it grew with great rapidity. Other pioneer companies spent fortunes in further research, some succeeding but many more failing.

In the first place, it requires from three to four million dollars to build and equip a plant capable of producing two tons of Rayon yarn per day. Even then, success is difficult to achieve. Absolute accuracy is demanded in all the steps of the complex manufacturing process. Labor must be trained to acquire a "sense" for handling so fine a product and all details must be watched unceasingly. The highly skilled technician is essential in this industry.

The following is a very brief description of the so-called "viscose" process, by which some 80 per cent of the world's Rayon is now produced.

Rayon is largely composed of "cellulose," as are also cotton and wood and all other vegetable products. The raw

stock, either cotton or spruce wood, is "digested" in a steam boiler and the foreign matter removed from the natural cellulose. The mass is then washed free of the digesting chemicals and bleached. The cellulose, in the shape of minute fibers, is pressed into sheets and soaked in a solution of caustic soda for 24 hours. The excess liquor is then removed by pressure and the sheets are cut up into crumbs. The crumbs are, by a series of delicate chemical treatments, reduced to a solution of the consistency of honey, known as "viscose." This solution is then put into tanks supplied with pumps and forced by them through so-called spinnerets.

The viscose substance comes from the spinnerets through holes so minute as hardly to be visible. These tiny streams go directly into an acid bath, where they immediately solidify into continuous strands. They are twisted together as fast as they solidify, thus forming the rayon thread, which is wound directly on spools, then washed free of acid, bleached if desired, and prepared for shipment to the mill which is destined to weave or knit the material into fabrics or garments.

There are three other commercial processes in use today, each with its own particular merits and producing a fiber somewhat different from the others.

Today, only an expert can distinguish between the best of Rayon and silk. Hence, the ordinary pocketbook can now afford many things possessing both beauty and style, which formerly were within the reach of only a limited number of buyers. New uses are being found daily for this wonderful fiber and the end is nowhere in sight.

Many people who have used articles made from Rayon have expressed disappointment in its wearing qualities. This, in a large measure, is due to two causes: First, textile mills using Rayon have rushed ahead to capitalize this wonderful fiber and fabricated

it into articles for which the particular kind of Rayon used was not wholly suitable. Second, users of the finished articles have not been told how to handle them properly. Housewives know that woolen or silk garments can be ruined by improper laundering. This is equally true of Rayon, but the same rules do not apply.

All industries are today more than ever subject to revolutionary developments, and the use of Rayon well illustrates this hazard. Manufacturers must keep awake to these trends.

The Amoskeag Mill in Manchester, N. H., probably the largest company of its kind in the world, has lately put in a Rayon producing department. An old established New York hosiery yarn mill is also climbing on the band wagon by moving its cotton machinery South and changing the New York factory over to make Rayon. We are witnessing the beginning of a new world, a synthetic world, and an army of chemists is working unceasingly, pulling things to pieces and reconstructing others from the particles.

Rayon, the counterpart of silk, is made from wood. If silk, then why not cotton? Why not wool? Why not wheat? The question is no longer "why not," but rather "when"? Henry Ford has predicted that it will soon be possible to pour out in a steady stream milk produced synthetically in a factory. I, for one, would not say that, in making this prediction, he is "talking through his hat." In 1914, when the war deprived us of Germany's dyes, the textile industry on this side of the water was in a sad plight. Today our American-made synthetic dyes cover all the colors of a thousand rainbows, and offer many shades far lovelier and more lasting than any found in nature.

Rayon is something more than an achievement in textiles. It is another positive proof to us that science has never heard of the phrase "it can't be done."

A Year of Thirteen Months?

Condensed from *The Dearborn Independent* (May 15, '26)

Thomas L. Masson

IF the most favored plan goes through, as at present indicated, another month will be added to our calendar, and one day in all the year left over as a world holiday—24 hours set apart in which we can think of peace, prosperity and universal love.

Already most of the nations on earth have agreed, the National Chambers of Commerce have approved of the general reform, and there seems to be no doubt that our calendar will be revised on a more practical basis. In every country, there will be seven days in every week, four weeks in every month and 13 months in every year, instead of the imperfect 12 we have been running upon so far.

There is, without doubt, a respectable minority of people who feel that the objections to any change are insurmountable. But the necessity is so great for a change, and the value to mankind in general is so enormous, that there is every probability that a new calendar will be adopted; and—so swiftly does the world move—it does seem probable that Monday, January 1, 1928, will usher in the new chronological era.

Without allowing for fractions (which can be disposed of in other ways) it takes the earth 365 days to revolve around the sun, and it takes the earth 24 hours to rotate on its own axis. Now, it is apparent that 365 days cannot be divided into any number of equal parts (or months) without having a day left over. Moreover, with our present calendar, if 365 days are divided into 12 parts, some of those parts (or months) must have more days than others.

Owing to this discrepancy, we have to worry through every year, never feeling quite sure how many weeks there are going to be in a month, and

in all sorts of difficulties with regard to making dates, an examination of which must convince anybody that our present system is inadequate. It must be understood, of course, that we have become so accustomed to these difficulties that we really don't know how bad they are until we face them calmly.

Then again, we must remember that other nations, other religions, have had other calendars. Now that the whole world is being more closely knit, and we are trying to put over as best we can the idea of the brotherhood of man and the abolition of war, we must have an exact method for measuring time which will be universal.

In a small way, we have had an object lesson in daylight-saving. Long before the war, daylight-saving had been a subject for investigation by a number of experts, but it was not until the necessity for saving confronted us in its very immediacy that we put daylight-saving into practice. And as this world necessity now confronts us, we are certain to make such changes in our calendar as will help us by so much to solve the economic problems of the world.

Put in a nutshell, the plan is simply this: Make every month consist of four weeks, each commencing with Sunday. Make every year consist of 13 months of 28 days each. The additional month should come between June and July and be called "Sol." Every year there will be one day left over and this is to be considered apart, possibly as a kind of international holiday. Every four years (leap year) there will be another day to be disposed of in a similar manner.

What are the objections? First,

that the introduction of another month with a new name is going to get us inextricably confused with regard to the past. We shall have to learn history all over again with regard to dates. This, of course, applies especially to children, who will have two sets of dates before them.

Another objection is that the number 13 is considered unlucky. This will be dismissed by most sensible persons as negligible.

As far as this present calendar revision is concerned, Moses B. Cotsworth, F.G.S., F.S.A., F.C.A., the secretary-treasurer of the International Fixed Calendar League, has probably done more to rouse the world to the necessity of the change than any other single personality of this generation.

Mr. Cotsworth came to America from England in 1903 and in 1907 to establish the International Fixed Calendar League's American section. In February, 1912, the convention of European delegates met in Belgium, and decided to take up the problem with more vigor. Their efforts resulted in the international chambers of commerce passing a unanimous resolution in favor of fixing Easter and improving the calendar. Nothing more was done, however, on account of the war. But in February, 1922, the Liberty Calendar Association, of which Julius Barnes is president, called a convention in Washington to select the best plan. Eleven plans were then submitted and Mr. Cotsworth's plan was voted the best and commended to the governments of all nations. The Canadian Government had already accepted the plan, and thereafter the proposal for the change was sent to the League of Nations.

"Meanwhile," states Mr. Cotsworth, "the International Union of Astronomers had committees in every leading nation considering what action they should take toward assisting calendar reform at their congress during May, 1922. The result was the decision that, provided no effort was made to alter the length of the year nor the commencement of each year on Janu-

ary first, they would be glad to leave the reform of the calendar to the governmental, commercial and social leaders for decision by an international conference."

In 1923 the Russian and other authorities of the Greek Church agreed to forsake the old Julian calendar (13 days behind the world), and this largely owing to economic pressure. The Pan-American Union, consisting of 21 South American republics, is all for the change on the new plan. It seems probable that at the next meeting of the League of Nations, the new calendar will be in shape to be ready for adoption in 1928.

"Many large businesses," says Mr. Cotsworth, "such as the large meat packing companies, tea companies, moving pictures, newspapers and others, have found it necessary, for efficient business control, to abandon misleading monthly accountings and devise arbitrary periods of regular four and five weeks to enable them to conduct their business on the basis of sure facts, whereas our ever-changing days in unequal months make monthly totals misleading. In department stores and dry-goods stores, Saturdays and Mondays are the busy days. In banking, Fridays, Saturdays and Mondays bring different percentages of business. In nearly all such concerns, each day of the week has a different economic value from the other six days."

In case the new calendar is adopted, one class of unfortunates will mourn, namely, those who were born after the 28th day of any month. Alas! they will have no birthdays—although the birthdays could be observed on the same numerical day of the year.

We have standardized everything except our measure of time—which we use the most. Two-thirds of the human race use a 13-month calendar at the present time, while the number of calendars in use is very great. The continent of America is the only great stretch of territory where only one calendar is in use.

To Aspiring Marion Talleys

Condensed from The Cosmopolitan (July '26)

O. O. McIntyre

MARION TALLEY is a little nineteen-year-old girl with the world at her feet wondering what it is all about. The most brilliant audience the Metropolitan Opera House ever held hung on the golden notes of this plump corn-fed child so vibrant with health and girlish freshness.

Tickets sold for as high as \$300 each. The famed Horseshoe Circle sparkled with customary jewels. The Social Register was there *en masse*. It was the night of nights for the girl from Kansas City who had achieved where a hundred thousand failed.

A special train load of home folks were in the audience. Her father, a railroad telegrapher, was at his key in the wings to flash her triumph home over a special wire. Here were the ingredients of high-powered success drama as typically American as the seventh inning stretch.

The slight lift of the conductor's baton fairly pistoled a silence. And little Marion Talley with eyes perilously bright with tears made her debut. It does not matter that Marion Talley awakened next morning to greet the supertechnical scorn of New York critics. She had her Big Moment. Those who know say she will live to confound them.

While I cannot serve as a competent music critic, it is my opinion had she come to the Metropolitan bearing the "European stamp" and perhaps a marmoset in her sleeve she would have received different treatment. To the credit of the Metropolitan, however, it has not lost one iota of its faith and firmly believes Marion Talley will sing her way to even greater heights.

New York is big enough to be smugly indifferent to the rest of the

country. Kansas City to many Manhattanese is a wild and woolly cowtown on the hot-skied prairie where they shoot from both hips and the visitor is greeted as "Stranger." The metropolis often does not realize that were there no five-and-ten in Kansas City, Omaha, et cetera, there would be no Woolworth Building on Broadway.

The Metropolitan, as everyone knows, is a hotbed of professional jealousy. The slightest spark may touch off a temperamental explosion. I have the word of William J. Guard, who attends to such matters for the Metropolitan, that only a bare announcement of Marion Talley's debut was sent out to the New York press.

But Kansas City, with pardonable pride, fairly burst with enthusiasm. Bugs Baer with paragraphic pungency epitomized it with a column headed "K. C. at the Bat." Special trains thundered into New York from Kansas City and other points west. An army of newspaper and press photographers descended like locusts. They whooped it up in rodeo fashion and the impudence of it, I believe, left New York a little cold.

The critics failed to see the romance of the little American girl from the plain, homespun American family who unlocked the golden gate at which thousands had beat so vainly after the long travail. They combed the lexicon to bewilder her with the high-blown technical verbiage of their craft. She came—ha, ha!—from Kansas City.

The real tragedy of Marion Talley's debut is to come. Thousands of obscure homes bloom with a new hope. Thousands of potential Marion Talleys are girding themselves for the futile fray. Homes will be mortgaged, bent mothers and work-worn fathers will renew the unending sacrifices to send

their daughters to New York and abroad to duplicate Marion Talley's success.

One of the best American short stories was written about ten years ago by Charles R. Barnes, who unhappily quit literature for business. It was a chapter from real life based on an incident Barnes had seen in Manhattan.

It was the story of a small-town girl who had been encouraged to believe she had a voice. The usual parental sacrifice was made and she came like a sheep to the wolves. There are honest teachers of voice culture in New York and there are many not so honest. She fell in with one who came under the latter classification. Under his tutelage she would reach the Metropolitan. So she was told and there began the unremitting toll of years, with the consequent parental pinching back home.

She did not reach the Metropolitan but she did reach a tawdry Tenth Avenue cabaret—the same disillusioning path hundreds just as promising before her had trod. And one night in the fetid muck of stale beer and cigar smoke she saw the teacher sitting at one of the cafe tables. It came her turn to sing to the ribald crowd. In her cheap spangled dress she walked directly to his table and eyed him coldly. Then she said, "Meet your promising little singer and don't laugh."

And she sang to him a mawkish ditty of the period in a pathetic voice husky from gin and inveterate cigaret addiction.

It is not a broad prediction to assert that many who are already starting out for the same laurels Marion Talley has won will meet a similar disillusionment.

Marion Talley's success did not come from years of rigid training. It is true she studied three years abroad, but her voice—like that of Caruso, Melba and the latter-day Jeritza—was a natural gift. She sang with the freedom and naturalness of a nightingale.

I happen to know many pitfalls

awaiting the ambitious singer of New York. Enthusiasm retards her progress. Scores of conscienceless creatures make her easy prey.

Here is what happened to the daughter of a friend who lived in a city where I once worked. Her father, oddly enough, was, like Marion Talley's, a telegraph operator. He worked nights and on Sundays in those days that she might live in comparative luxury.

She fell in with several musical jackals who taught her not to sing but to bray. A pleasant but not over-promising natural voice was ruined. An "impresario" took her in hand for her "debut." It would require \$1,000 for the preliminary expenses, the hire of the hall, advertising, publicity and the innumerable et ceteras.

Her father, almost mortgaged to the hilt, managed to raise the last \$500 on his home. The other \$500 was secured from 200 per cent usurers. It was a glowing picture the "impresario" painted until he got the money. The big hall would be filled, all the famous critics would be there and the Metropolitan would be after her to sign on the dotted line.

In the rather spacious hall on her "debut" night the curtain arose on an audience of twenty-seven. Eighteen were the singer's personal friends who came on complimentary tickets. The remainder—save exactly three tickets sold at the door—came as guests of the "impresario," who incidentally never showed up.

Of course, there were no critics there. First-string musical critics do not attend such "debuts." Not a line appeared in a New York newspaper. It was fortunate the young lady was made of sterner stuff than most mortals. She was crushed, but not hopelessly. Today she is working twelve hours a day in a humble calling to help her father pay off the debts. She never tried to sing again.

Somehow I think of her when I think of the thousands of songbirds, inspired by Marion Talley, preening their wings for the operatic flight.

Whose Country Is This?

Condensed from *The Saturday Evening Post* (May 22, '26)

Richard Washburn Child

AFTER the 69th Congress had been in session three months, there had appeared on the calendar of the Committee of Immigration more than 60 bills! Most of them were designed to weaken our immigration fence; to pull off a few boards here and there, to make an opening through which, later, regiments could march in.

The importance of this subtle assault is brought out when one goes looking for wise unpartisan opinion in Washington as to what is considered the outstanding piece of national legislation since the war. It is astonishing to find that certainly nine out of ten of the foremost administrators, seasoned correspondents and students of government will say, "Why, the restriction of immigration, of course!"

By and large, this restriction-law sniping, as congressmen call it, is usually a process of asking the United States to open an indefinite number of holes for an indefinite number of mice. And will the newly admitted mice apply in their turn to get in their children, their parents, their uncles and aunts and relatives? And will the applications to admit more mice multiply in direct ratio to the quantity of new privileges opened? Of course they will! Once the mouse-hole business has started, there will be a hundred mouse-hole proposals where only one grew before. Once grant privileges of labor importation to one group of industrial or agricultural applicants and lo! oh, Destiny, how many others will demand equal privileges—and get them?

And when the mouse-hole gnawing once begins, the political pressure on individual congressmen will be another grievous burden of organized minorities. Rare will be the member

of the House who will not have some organization among his constituents hanging on his neck, demanding a mouse hole as the price of its support for reelection. The mouse-hole gnawing is a quiet process; it goes on when the forces behind our national welfare are unorganized and sleeping.

No witness and no lobbyist turns up at the hearings and says, "I appear for the whole American people. I appear to preserve our present immigration policy. I appear to argue in favor of building a civilization which shall be neither an alien boarding house for easy-money-loving transients nor a dumping ground for undesirables."

The variety of restriction-law sniping covers a wide range. There is a proposal to extend the non-quota privileges of entry of children of immigrants in the United States under 18 to those under 21. There is the proposal to bring fathers, mothers and other relatives of immigrants. It is proposed to admit domestic servants on their agreement to stay in their jobs for three years, which no machinery of Government can enforce. There is a proposal to admit ministers, priests and rabbis and to admit their relatives, as well. There are proposals to import Chinese into Hawaii and Mexicans into Texas, California and other states on new terms, on the theory that these laborers, once in the country, can be made to stick to the work they were brought to do and can be herded and kept out of cities and returned—in some magic undescribed way—to their land of origin when the seasonal work is over.

Coert du Bois, chief of the visa office of the Department of State, sent out a call to the consuls in Europe

for their best estimate as to the number that might be involved in pending legislation that would affect fathers, mothers, wives and minor children of aliens resident in the United States. The present Polish quota, for example, is 5982. Under the Perlman Bill it is estimated that about 42,000 Poles would come into this country immediately. But this 42,000, upon their arrival in the United States, would be entitled to certain privileges as to their relatives still in Poland. It would be the beginning of an endless chain. The 42,000 would accumulate like a snowball rolling downhill.

One of the inherent rights of a civilization is the right of exclusion. If America wants no more immigration, or wants no more immigration from this quarter or that, we have the fundamental right to close the door. It's our door. We are on the home side of it. If we have any right at all it is to make America whatever we want America to be, and we have determined for a long time to make an America out of what we have at hand and what we ourselves want to import in human resources. It would be ridiculous to assert that our raw material should be picked out by alien influence.

But that is exactly what organized alien influences come down to Congress and try to accomplish. They put their little wedges into every cranny of our restricted-immigration policy and any bystander is amazed with what mealy-mouthed talk of "humane considerations" and "the great heart of America" the concealed attack is made upon our immigration laws.

We have ceased to think of immigrants in terms of the labor market and have now weighed their value to us, as it must inevitably be weighed, in terms of citizenship and the immigrants' worth as threads in our high-standard social fabric. No one denies that such a policy may pinch temporarily certain industries and make

agricultural and domestic-service labor hard to obtain. No great good is accomplished without some pain.

But certainly 90 per cent of impartial Americans prefer to maintain our standards of living, of character, of virility, of law abiding, of good blood, rather than yield to the importunings of organized minorities who play soft music about America's duty to open its arms in the name of humanity to inferior stock, and to the unfittest of racial groups, or who, in the name of an industry or an agricultural district, urge, probably against the ultimate facts, that without an influx of unintelligence and inferiority a great temporary embarrassment may be felt.

In earlier days, from virile races in Europe we received an influx, not of immigrants regarding America as easy money and as a country where one could settle in a gregarious foreign quarter in some city, but an influx of those who came to take their lot with native Americans, ready to put hands to creative rather than parasitic activities, ready to come as citizens and not as patrons of a national boarding house. Today the idealistic immigrant has almost vanished. Today the bulk of those knocking at our gates hope to find within mere easy gain. The current has turned from those races readily assimilable, of virile qualities and law-abiding spirit to those that often bring antagonistic ideas, a misconception that liberty is license, that America by some miracle of generosity owes them a place in the sun and a soft berth.

We have allowed ourselves to look upon the absorption of immigration as a vague obligation, attached to America but hitherto unknown and unpracticed by any other nation in the history of the world.

It is really time we took a moment for meditation.

Whose country is this?

Within Twenty-five Years

Condensed from *The Nation's Business* (June 5, '26)

Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce

THERE is a marked change during the past 25 years in the attitude of employers and employees towards wages and conditions of labor. Formerly, the employer considered it was in his interest to use the opportunities of unemployment and immigration to lower wages. The lowest wages and longest hours were then conceived as the means to attain lowest production costs and largest profits. Today the majority of employers in times of desperation exhaust every device to make ends meet before resorting to wage reduction. The pressure of high wages is forcing labor-saving devices and better administration to an extent which oftentimes reduces labor costs per unit of production below even those of the cheaper labor found abroad.

There has been an equal revolution in the views of labor. It is not many years ago since labor unions considered that the maximum of jobs and the greatest security in a job were to be attained by restricting individual dual effort. Today labor is coming to the view that unrestricted individual effort, driving of machinery to its utmost, and elimination of every waste in production are the only secure foundations upon which a high wage can be built, because the greater the production the greater will be the quantity to divide. For example, the American Federation of Labor, at its last annual meeting, urged the elimination of waste, improved methods, increased production, and participation by labor in the resulting gains.

The tendency for both employer and employee to think in terms of the mutual interest of increased production has gained greatly in strength.

Another marked tendency of the last 25 years is the notable growth of a higher sense of cooperation in the

whole community. This period has seen a vast growth of associational activities—chambers of commerce, trade associations, professional associations, labor unions, trade councils, civic associations, farmers' cooperative associations—until there is scarcely an individual in our country who does not belong to more than one of them. Some of these associations are selfish and narrow. But the great majority represent a movement toward a more efficient, more ethical business practice, serviceable not only to themselves but to the public. One reflection of this new spirit of cooperation has been the steady improvement in business ethics through the establishment of business codes and their enforcement. The whole process of eliminating waste through standardizing of dimensions, qualities of goods and business practice, is only possible by such cooperation.

There are today literally thousands of such cooperative movements in progress. They were almost unknown a quarter of a century ago. These undertakings result not only in greater economy of production, but also eventuate in less costs to consumer.

The cumulative value of intensified education in America this last 25 years is immeasurable. Today we have more students in institutions of higher learning than all the rest of the world put together. We have increased the technical personnel in every avenue of production upon a scale vastly larger than any other nation. We are reaping the benefits of some 600 industrial research laboratories, mostly established in the last 12 years. They are ceaselessly searching for invention and for every economy in methods and use of materials.

We have in this quarter of a century through the Government and

through private initiative vastly expanded our system of business information. This makes for more intelligent judgment in the conduct of business. It has created a higher leadership in industry and commerce. At no time in history has this leadership been more virile than today.

The high salaries being paid for developed skill and experience sufficient to administer even the departments of large organizations have opened a new avenue for initiative and opportunity of the first importance. There is growing up steadily a new profession, business administration; and the moment that a trade takes on the character of a profession it shows a great advance, for the distinction which marks the term profession, in law, engineering and medicine, is the incorporation into the daily task of a responsibility to the community and insistence upon a high sense of service.

The last quarter of a century has seen the growth of larger units of production and distribution—big business. Our tools are bigger. We build a single dynamo of 100,000 horsepower. This single tool would have been big business 25 years ago.

The public has the natural fear that these great units will be used for domination and extinction of equality of opportunity. Arising from this fear and the wrongs done in the past, we have enacted much legislation to compel competition, such as the Sherman and Clayton Acts.

The original conception of this legislation seems to have been to maintain a great host of highly competitive units in every trade. By degrees we have been retreating from this notion. We have found that to maintain complete competition in service to each consumer in the utilities—transportation, light, power, and communications—meant a fabulous cost in duplication of equipment, with less financial stability, increased operating expenses, poorer service and increased rates to the consumer.

A considerable element of direct or

indirect competition still exists, and must be continued through alternate services—other railways, other forms of power, of light, etc., so that the stimulus to improvement is still held. When we deliberately clothe industry with the security of part-monopoly, neither the industry nor the public disputes the necessity of full control of rates, service and finance by governmental agencies.

However, in the manufacture and distribution of commodities, I believe that full constructive competition must be preserved. The virility and strength of our whole economic system springs from spontaneous enterprise and the stimulation of competition. But competition does not necessarily imply destructive competition. It does imply that we must maintain a sufficient number of independent units in any given industry to assure us that the fundamental competition is sustained.

Public interest does not require that Mr. Ford, who makes over one-third of our automobiles, shall dissolve his great factory into the hands of 500 small competitors. It would increase the cost to the public greatly, and perhaps lower wages. He has today the most active competition of other great units.

Mass-production industries do not necessarily imply trusts and monopolies.

Mass production does not necessarily mean single ownership—it means standard products and standardization increases competition. The whole movement of our trade associations for standards and simplified products is a movement of protection to the smaller unit from extinction by the gigantic unit by giving to them the essential possibilities of mass production.

The real question with regard to a unit is whether it is subjected to effective competition, not the size of it. The whole process of combination should be weighed solely in the scales of public interest.

Easy to Live With

Condensed from the Woman's Home Companion (June '26)

Montanye Perry

I HAD not seen Kent Raymond for 15 years when I met him again a few days ago. He gave a tender little chuckle when I inquired about Betty, his wife. "Betty's mighty easy to live with," he said, "and that's what a man most wants in a wife, isn't it?"

He had to rush for his train then, but he had given me an idea that I couldn't forget. Easy to live with! The more I thought about that phrase the more I wondered just how many of us are easy to live with. What makes a woman easy to live with?

The only way to find out was to ask a lot of husbands. I decided to put the question to all the men I met that day, feeling this would ensure variety. The first one happened to be the iceman. "So *that's* what you're always doing with the typewriter, *writin'* stories!" he marveled. "I've wondered. One of the things that makes a wife easy to live with, is it? M-m-m... well, knowing *when* to ask a man to do little chores around the house helps a lot. Now my Molly's a cute one, that way. Never a thing asked me when I'm hurrying off in the morning, nor when I come in dog-tired of an evenin'. But on Sunday, *after* I've eat the only good, slow breakfast I ever have time for, and looked over the paper and maybe played with the radio a bit, she'll say, 'Now if you could just fix this screen for me, and fasten up that rod, and mend that step so Teddy won't fall on it again, you'll have a good appetite for the chicken and dumplings.' Now who could be grumpy about helpin' a bit when it's put up to him like that?"

Now I know why my iceman is always cheerful and obliging. He gets a good start from a tactfully managed home.

The grocery clerk didn't hesitate a

minute over his answer: "It makes things pretty soft if the wife knows how to stretch the money from one Saturday to the next," he declared. "There's a lot involved there, missus. If you're worryin' about money, and bill-collectors naggin' at you, and you can't get started payin' for a home, and the kids always look kind of poor-folksy, then you get to wonderin' how the man next door with the same pay as yours can own his own home and have a flivver and his kids always lookin' stylish. And you say something to your wife and she snaps back, and the first thing you know there's a row. Yes, bein' able to *manage* is a great thing in a wife."

The young bank manager said: "Phyllis likes to play with me well enough to sacrifice some other things to do it. I know men whose wives will turn them down cold when they have an afternoon off, because they want to finish a cake they're baking, or hem the new napkins, or repaint the porch chairs. What they're devoted to is their own pride and their own desires. But Phyllis is the best little sport, always ready to fit her plans around the little leisure I have; and say, we do enjoy life!"

It is practically certain that Phyllis won't be sitting at home alone a few years from now wondering why Jack never asks her to go anywhere with him.

A magazine editor was next. "A sense of proportion," he said. "Keeping the home nice and livable and interesting but at the same time not making a tragedy out of an overdone steak if a man is late to dinner. Feeling that it is a pity they can't afford orchestra seats for the opera but it would be a lot worse to be unable to enjoy it together from gallery seats.

In short, the ability to distinguish between the important and the unimportant."

My doctor was next. I expected something seriously helpful from him and I was not disappointed. "A man to do the best work he is capable of doing must have a comfortable, orderly, serene home. There's not the slightest question about that. A woman, in order to maintain such a home atmosphere, must have the poise and mental alertness that come from steady nerves. So I say that good health is what makes a woman easy to live with. Few women take proper care of themselves. They are too ambitious. I wish I could get a million women in this city to take a pledge to lie down and relax for one-half hour three times a day. If I could make Mrs. Average Woman do that I'd soon be in the almshouse."

"What makes them easy to live with? Naturally curly hair!" laughed the young druggist who filled my prescription. "I lived my first 24 years with a mother and three sisters. All of them had straight hair, and between having to see them at the breakfast table with boudoir caps over curl papers, or with marcelles that had seen better days, or permanents as fuzzy as wool because they weren't 'set' yet—say, when I met a real curly-head I just naturally fell hard. She's pretty when she wakes up in the morning and when she goes to sleep at night and all the time between, and I'm a happy man."

"What I appreciate more than I ever can express," said the schoolmaster who is just moving into the apartment next to ours, "is the way my wife packs up and goes along with me without any whining when I get a chance for a better job. If I am ever a college president it will be because she is willing to tear up all the roots of living which mean so much to a woman, and go where a broader field for me calls."

A friend of ours has just left with an arctic expedition. He has been married only one year and he and his wife were about to spend his first va-

cation on a motor trip when this chance came to him. Did this young wife play the part of a baby or a coward? She did not. She refused to consider arctic perils—aloud, at any rate. She enthused over the wonderful experience he was going to have, and what it would mean to him in a professional way. Best of all, she planned for herself a busy, happy program for the time of his absence. She joined a swimming club; she invited a college chum to visit her; she arranged for her dinners at a charming inn so she wouldn't be tempted to neglect her food; she took a regular seat for Wednesday matinees. All this before he left, so that he went away feeling happy about her, able to give all of himself to his job. I cannot ask him my question, but I know what his answer would be.

An advertising man confided, "My wife keeps me up on my toes mentally. I don't have time to read a lot, but she manages so that the little time I do have is used to the best advantage. She gives me a brief outline of a book and reads me the best chapter. She gives me the main point of a magazine article. She marks editorials that I mustn't miss. At dinner she tells me what Senator Somebody said in the Senate, or Lord Somebody said in Parliament, or a visiting Somebody said in his lecture."

An office manager who came to dinner was the last man for the day. He said his wife was easy to live with because she had a temper. "I mean it," he assured me. "I've seen what it is to live with one of these long-suffering women. The kind that pulls a sweet, patient expression on you and goes around for a week with an I'm-terribly-hurt-but-I-forgive-you air. Enough to drive a man to desperation! Now Nancy rises up and tells me just where I get off. I never have to wonder what I have done that wasn't just right. She tells me, good and plenty, and that's the end of it. We make up and forget it. I tell you it's wonderful for a woman to be able to forget a grievance."

Asia Revolts Against Christianity

Condensed from *The Independent* (May 29, '26)

K. K. Kawakami

ASIA is in a state of spiritual revolt. From Tokyo to Peking, from Shanghai to Delhi, the whole region is animated, virtually seething, with anti-Christian sentiment. Missionaries are experiencing increasing difficulties in conducting evangelical work. In some regions mission schools and mission hospitals have been closed, at least temporarily. Never in the last few decades has the East risen against Christendom so impressively. The challenge is all the more significant because it is singularly peaceful. It is a dignified protest against the West's assumption of moral or intellectual superiority and against its inconsistent professions of humanitarian ideals.

So far, the discontent, although widespread, lacks efficient leadership. But before long an attempt will be made to coordinate isolated agitations and launch a concerted movement. An indication of this possible tendency toward organization is the Pan-Asiatic Conference to be called in Japan this summer. To this gathering, the first of the sort, Japan, China, Korea, the Philippines, Siam, India, and Persia will send delegates. Japanese and Chinese labor leaders are planning to hold a Pan-Asiatic conference. In addition, there will be held next year at Tokyo an international Buddhist conference. Is it not likely that from such conferences there will eventually develop, to a degree never before realized, a sense of racial and cultural kinship among Oriental peoples?

What is the cause of this general unrest? Perhaps the World War, more than anything else, has been responsible for it. The spectacle of Christian nations slaughtering one another in this enlightened century bewildered and shocked "pagan" Asia. The Orient had long felt that Christianity was an intolerant, militant, militaristic,

imperialistic doctrine. If what the powers of Christendom have done to the weak and unprepared East be taken as a standard for judging the moral tenets of Christianity, this suspicion is not entirely unreasonable. The World War convinced the masses of Asia that Christianity is a doctrine of might, and that its professions of love and brotherhood are but shibboleths.

In August, 1925, the educational societies of Kiangsu, Chekiang, and Hupeh provinces of China issued a joint proclamation denouncing Christian schools as "distributing centers for poisonous teachings." "Because of the deliberate suppression by missionaries of patriotic aspirations among the Chinese students," it declared, "China has become utterly helpless in the face of foreign capitalism and imperialism." The Anti-Christian Federation of Peking, in a circular telegram last December, called upon the entire people of China to observe Christmas every year as Anti-Christian day. It said:

"Our people have for many years suffered from the insults and aggressions of Western Imperialism. Why, during all these decades when China has been made an object of imperialistic aggressions, have our four hundred millions, with the solitary exception of the patriotic Boxers of 1900, remained docile, and with folded arms watched the despoliation of our country? Because the imperialists have employed hosts of missionaries as their advance guards, as their spies, who have performed their duties so efficiently that patriotism and nationalistic sentiment among our people have been effectively squelched."

The World War, apart from its savagery, had another aspect which has served to strengthen the nationalistic

feeling in the Orient. The Wilsonian doctrine of self-determination was seized upon by the smaller nations of Asia in an endeavor to shake off the foreign overlordship which they thought was the cause of their misery. The nationalistic consciousness thus awakened has encouraged the revival of the religious and moral teachings indigenous to the soil of Asia and has abetted the movement that is aimed at the curbing of Christian influence. Even in Korea, a country long regarded as a most fruitful mission field, the same trend toward disillusionment has been increasingly perceptible. Since 1920, the mission schools have experienced serious troubles due to the discontent of the students. In 1922-23, particularly, an epidemic of student strikes spread through the mission schools. In certain sections the missionaries in Korea found it difficult to keep the schools open. Friction also developed between the missionaries and the native Christians who were clamoring for a church independent of foreign control.

The adoption by America of the all-embracing Oriental exclusion law of 1924 has proved a potent factor in intensifying the nationalism and the racial and cultural consciousness which the Great War had already awakened in the East. China and India, though resenting the open insult, rather welcomed that law because in it they saw the hope of a united Asia. Would not Japan, thus flouted by America, alter her traditional policy of acting in unison with the West and cast her lot with her Asiatic neighbors, who would acclaim her their natural leader? "For 30 years," said Dr. Sun Yet-sen, "I have tried in vain to persuade Japan to become Asia's leader. I hope this anti-Japanese legislation has taught her the lesson which we of China have striven to teach without success." C. R. Das, India's Nationalist leader, said:

"The American immigration law is an exhibition of the traditional jingoism of the imperialistic West. The law is merely part of a larger scheme against all Asiatics. The Western

world cherishes the vain notion that it represents a higher civilization, and that Asia is its legitimate prey. Asia's hope of liberating itself from Western domination lies in the federation of all its peoples. So long as Europe and America believe in Christianity without Christ, the federation of Asiatic peoples is essential to their self-preservation."

Even before the exclusion legislation the American missionaries in Japan had not been free from adverse criticism. Mr. T. Kagawa, the well-known Christian author, tells us that 300 churches supported entirely by Japanese reap a harvest of 7600 souls every year, while 1000 churches maintained or controlled by foreign, chiefly American missions convert only 2600 a year. When the exclusion law was passed a large number of Japanese Christians urged that the Japanese churches sever relations with American missions. Even within the last few weeks two prominent Japanese publicists spoke plainly against Christianity. One is Count Kabayama, who, on the eve of his departure for London to attend an international conference, questioned the sincerity of the professed humanitarianism of Christianity. The other is Mr. M. Zumoto who, addressing the Tokyo Rotary Club, boldly declared that "Christianity came to Asia in a spirit of arrogant superiority and narrow exclusiveness," and that "Christianity, masterful, exclusive, and imperialistic, cannot be counted upon as a force making for harmony and peace in so far as relations between East and West are concerned."

Such voices are heard constantly throughout Asia. Whether the awakening of these ideas will result in concerted movement among the peoples of Asia will largely depend upon Japan's attitude. Obviously, Japan is at the parting of the ways. The outcome rests with Washington and London. For Japan's attitude toward her Asian neighbors will to no small extent be influenced by the attitude of Europe and America toward herself.

Sex Standards in Moscow

Condensed from The Nation (May 12, '26)

Paul Blanshard

THE innovations in family and personal standards in Russia since the revolution constitute the first deliberate attempt by a modern nation to alter its fundamental sex ideals.

For the peasants the old habits continue. But among the city workers the change in outlook is much more obvious. The most striking result of the Communist regime in the field of sex life is the complete frankness of the younger generation in Moscow in facing and discussing sex problems. One night last August an outdoor meeting of young Communists was held in Moscow to discuss the problem of abortion. About 600 were present ranging in ages from 18 to 25. The meeting lasted five hours, everybody stayed, everybody listened. The young people discussed sex relations, abortion, and love with the candor of obstetricians.

The Communists persistently campaign against the reticences which have surrounded sex life. Their posters on venereal disease, pregnancy, and abortion have been plastered all over Russia. The government film "Abortion" has been distributed to all the cities and towns. It shows the birth of an actual baby upon the screen and depicts in excellent, but salacious diagrams the processes of conception and the growth of the foetus. It tells the story of a working girl who went to a midwife for an abortion and died as the result. This film has drawn enormous audiences.

Part of the attitude toward sexual facts among the young people of Moscow is a product of Russian tradition. Mixed bathing *au naturel* in the rivers near Moscow has been common for generations and can be witnessed any Sunday afternoon in warm weather.

The Communist censorship, although very rigid in political matters, makes no attempt to suppress any description of passion which is the work of a serious artist, but its hand falls heavily upon peep-hole obscenity.

Marriage as a legal form in the Bolshevik view is of little importance. Marriage is an agreement between two people to have each other; there is no legal compulsion to register marriage; there are no laws against people who live together without marriage. The Communist Party still expels any member who is married by a priest. But the Communists have been far from successful in imposing their view of marriage upon a majority of the Russian people.

When both parties agree to ask for a divorce there is no place on the official application blank for "grounds for divorce." The causes of divorce are matters of private concern, and, if the line is not too long, man and wife can get a divorce in Moscow in 15 minutes, provided both parties sign the application. Marriages and divorces for the Moscow area are granted in the same room of the court building, by the same clerks. It is diverting to study the faces of those waiting patiently, and to conjecture whether they are seeking marriage or divorce.

Russian newspapers are almost completely free of family scandal. The Communist censors would not permit them to gloat over a Rhinelander case. Political and academic careers are not snuffed out overnight by personal departure from an established sex code.

A husband with children cannot shirk the burden of contributing to their support after divorce. If the

husband satisfies the reasonable economic demands of his wife and children the divorce is granted in every case, but not until then.

The law also protects the children of the unmarried as rigorously as the children of the married. Children are rated as equals whether born in or out of wedlock. Hitherto if the paternity of the child of an unmarried mother was in doubt, all possible fathers who could be identified were compelled to contribute to the support of the child. This led to much confusion. Under a new law the court must choose one possible father and place the responsibility upon him.

The ideals of the Lucy Stone League have been sanctioned by the Russian Government. A woman in marrying signifies on her application blank whether she wishes to keep her own name or take her husband's name; if she fails to signify her choice, it is assumed that she keeps her own name. The names of children who have parents with different names are chosen mutually by the parents and, in the absence of agreement, a child takes the parental name which comes nearer the beginning of the alphabet.

In spite of these innovations there are not as many divorces in Moscow in proportion to marriages as there are in American cities. In Moscow in 1924 there were 7 divorces to every 100 marriages, while in the State of Ohio that year there were 22 divorces to every 100 marriages. No far-reaching conclusion can be drawn from these figures, because it is impossible to know the number of extra-marital unions in Moscow.

Probably no capital of Europe is more free from open vice than Moscow. The government department of health is conducting a thoroughgoing campaign against venereal disease, by means of posters, lectures, books, and clinics, in all parts of Russia.

It is surprising to find almost no birth-control movement in Russia. The Russian peasant lacks all the prerequisites of birth control, including

money, knowledge, and inclination. The Russian birth-rate is still very high as compared with other nations.

In lieu of birth control the Government has turned to legalized and regulated abortion. Abortion was legalized in 1920 by the health authorities in order to diminish the number of deaths from operations performed by incompetent midwives. Theoretically, it is illegal for any Russian woman to have an abortion performed outside of a licensed hospital, but the law cannot be enforced, because there are not adequate hospital facilities for all Russia. The problem of abortion is chiefly a city problem, because the practice is very uncommon among the peasants.

The Soviet Government has established a definite order of preference in handling cases of abortion in its hospitals. First come women out of work, then women who have many children and no living husband, then women who are working who have a young child, then women who have many children with a husband. In 1924, overcrowded homes were given as causes for abortion in 67 per cent of the cases in the Moscow district.

The aim of the Soviet health authorities is to reduce the cases of serious illness due to abortion outside of a recognized hospital, first by urging women to avoid abortion whenever possible and second by educating them to use hospital facilities if they decide that abortion is necessary. In 1924 there were 150,000 women treated in Soviet hospitals due to abortion, of whom 40,000 came to the hospitals in weakened condition because of outside treatment. The Soviet health authorities argue that their method of bringing abortion into public use and regulation is producing better results than the strict repressive penalties of Germany. They declare that in 1924 in Berlin four out of every 100 cases of abortion resulted in death, while in Moscow less than one-tenth of one per cent resulted in death. They point out also that the proportion of abortion to births in Russia is decreasing.

His Reaper Feeds the World

Condensed from Popular Science Monthly (June '26)

Robert E. Martin

IT was a harvest time holiday in a fertile backwoods valley of Virginia in the year 1832. Farmers from miles around rolled into Lexington where, on this day, young Cyrus McCormick was to give a public show of his "crazy contraption," a mechanical reaper which, report said, could cut grain faster than half a dozen men with scythes! For years the persistent attempts of the youth and his father to build a horse-propelled contrivance that would harvest grain had been a standing joke in the community. Now the machine was completed. Would it work? The farmers winked slyly at one another, and joked about the machine.

The exhibition was staged at John Ruff's farm. Away the machine rattled, and immediately the spectators began to wag their heads and say, "I told you so." For the field was rough, and the reaper bumped, cutting the grain only in patches.

"Look here, young fellow," shouted Farmer Ruff, "you'll have to quit. You're rattling all the heads off my wheat."

Then, as if by kind fortune, an imposing man in high beaver hat, long-tailed coat and polished boots directed young McCormick to an adjacent field. He was Hon. William Taylor, leading politician of the whole countryside. There Cyrus, proud and jubilant, drove his machine up and down the level land, cutting the grain in clean swaths. Farmers who had come to scoff drove home in amazement.

The idea of the reaper had been born, some 14 years before, in the mind of the father, Robert McCormick, a skilled iron worker who mended tools and machinery. In those days, if some neighbor had passed the McCormick place in the small hours of

the morning, he would have seen a light still flickering in a log-cabin blacksmith shop in the rear of the homestead. Robert and his nine-year-old son, Cyrus, were hard at work on the reaping machine.

Their first machine proved a dismal failure. It mashed the grain and left it a tangled mass. More years of experiment, and in 1831 another reaper was ready for trial. But again, instead of cutting, it trampled the grain.

"I'm through," said Robert, "I shall waste no more time."

"But, father, it *must* work," insisted Cyrus. "Maybe it will go if we fix it so the horse will pull instead of push."

Cyrus, now 21, worked feverishly, and by fall his new machine was completed. It had been transformed. The horse no longer pushed, but pulled instead. The knives were given a slashing motion. To prevent flattening the grain, a row of fingers at the edge of the knife blades was to catch the stalks and hold them while they were being cut. Finally, the falling grain, lifted and straightened by revolving arms, was to be caught on a level platform and there raked to the side by a helper.

A brief trial convinced Cyrus that the goal was in sight. Throughout the winter improvements were made, and the next fall was staged the public demonstration at Lexington, already mentioned. It was one thing, however, to impress a crowd; another thing to persuade them to buy reapers.

Cyrus realized that he could not finance his invention with the profits from the home farm. With his father and a country schoolmaster as partners, he started an iron furnace. The business was beginning to prosper when, in the panic of 1837, the Mc-

Cormicks lost everything they had except the homestead.

In the darkest moment, fortune turned. One day, a stranger arrived. "Here's \$50. I want one of your reapers." In like manner two more orders came that summer. Soon the country to the west began to hear of the reaper, and other orders came in quick succession.

The problem of manufacturing and delivery became a staggering one. Sickles for the reapers were made 40 miles away and carried in on horseback. In all the United States there were fewer than 100 miles of railroad. To deliver machines to Ohio, they had to be transported first in wagons to Scottsville, then by canal to Richmond, then reshipped down the James river to the ocean. From there steamers carried them to New Orleans, whence they were carried in river boats up the Mississippi and Ohio rivers. From river points, they had to be delivered to their destination by wagon.

These were difficulties that might have baffled even the most aggressive of modern leaders of industry. To surmount them required a fighting man of high courage, immense self-confidence and tenacity. Cyrus McCormick was just that kind of man.

The arrival of eight orders for reapers from Cincinnati in a single summer convinced him that the level lands of the West offered the most promising field for his reaper, so with \$300 in his belt, he set out on horseback for the grain country. For 3000 miles he traveled through Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, and Wisconsin. Out where the fertile fields stretched endlessly, he knew that only machinery could prevent waste of the crops as they ripened. In Illinois, he was appalled to see farmers turn pigs and cattle into the wheat fields. A gigantic crop had swamped the growers.

McCormick saw Chicago—a straggling town of 10,000, without railroads or canals. Yet he could vision here a future thriving center. In quick time he was located in Chicago, turning out his reapers. The gold rush of '49 gave him a promising start;

for thousands of farm hands, joining in the stampede for California, left the farmers helpless.

When the Civil War came, the machine proved an invaluable aid to the North, releasing many men for duty at the front. Edwin M. Stanton, secretary of war, said: "Without McCormick's invention, I fear the North could not win and the Union would be dismembered." Europe, still reaping its grain by hand, could not understand how America, with every third man at war, could export to other lands 200,000,000 bushels of wheat.

Seldom, if ever, has an inventor so thoroughly "sold" his creation to the public through his own efforts. When public interest seemed to lag, McCormick would load a reaper on a flat car, attach the car to a freight train and ride along with it. Whenever he came to a field of ripe grain, he would unload the reaper, reap for an hour or so, and then move on.

McCormick was quick to recognize improvements for his invention. One day, Charles Withington rang the doorbell of the handsome McCormick home in Chicago. "My name is Withington," the visitor said shyly. "I live in Janesville, Wis. I have here a model of a machine that will bind grain automatically."

It so happened that McCormick had worked all through the night settling a stiff business problem. The chair was soft, the stranger's voice soothing. He fell asleep! When he awoke, the stranger had departed.

Had it been a dream? The man had said "bind grain automatically." Just the thing McCormick had been seeking for years! He ordered one of his employees to go to Janesville at once and find a man named Withington. The next day saw Withington back in Chicago. This time McCormick listened eagerly. McCormick reapers immediately became self-binders.

McCormick lived to see half a million of his reapers harvesting the world's grain, from the steppes of Russia to Peru. He lived to make America known the world over as "the land of the reaper."

The Silent Mr. Coolidge

Condensed from The New Republic (June 2, '26)

Charles Mers

MR. COOLIDGE, in his quiet way, pours into the microphone an average of 8688 words a month, addresses by word of mouth or by special communication some 75 different kinds of public gatherings annually, unburdens himself each year of words enough in public addresses to fill two fair-sized novels, and preserves meantime a reputation as the silent man in the White House! I am speaking of course of Mr. Coolidge as a public figure. There is no reason to believe that, away from his public life Mr. Coolidge is not a silent man. For instance:

Fifteen public addresses annually are about an average quota for an American President in a year in which there is no national election. Thus Woodrow Wilson, who by comparison with Calvin Coolidge might seem to be garrulity itself, delivered 13 public addresses in the first year of his first term and delivered 17 public addresses in the first year of his second term. Mr. Coolidge, in the matter of public oratory, just about outmatches Woodrow Wilson two to one. His record for last year consisted of 28 speeches as against Wilson's best with 17. But this was only a beginning. In addition there are to be chronicled 51 official statements, letters given to the press and messages to public meetings, plus 176 unofficial statements via the Official Spokesman. Grand total for the year—265. One day in every four Mr. Coolidge is not talking.

Now it is no sin, surely, for a man in public life to talk a lot. The notes which follow do not argue that. They are simply addressed to the one factor in the tradition of a strong, silent, decisive President which lends itself most readily to quantitative examina-

tion, namely: Mr. Coolidge's alleged taciturnity.

We can begin with the fact that Mr. Coolidge not only talks in public frequently (265 times a year), but talks at length. His formal addresses average something more than 3700 words apiece. A single one of them, last year, out-ran by some 800 words the Constitution of the United States. Moreover, all of this comes apparently with little effort. Consider for a moment that category of public statement which the public knows as apple sauce.

All Presidents, like all captains of industry and all moving picture stars, are constantly being asked to back this or that worthy cause, to say something friendly to this gathering and drop a genial note to that one. Compliance with such requests is no heinous crime, but a rather perfunctory practice which some men enjoy and others do their best to dodge. Only because Mr. Coolidge has this amazing reputation as a man of silence is it worth noting that in matters of this sort he is always ready to oblige. The National League of Baseball Clubs is celebrating its 50th birthday? Congratulations from the White House (Feb. 3). Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Buckelew are celebrating their 70th wedding anniversary? Congratulations from the White House (Jan. 10). Mrs. G. Fox is 105 years old next Tuesday? Congratulations from the White House (July 29). The Mikado of Japan is due to have a silver wedding? Congratulations from the White House (May 11). All this is perfectly proper and perfectly harmless, and in spots definitely gracious. What it shows is simply a great readiness without regard to the importance of the occasion

to make use of words. Mr. Coolidge rises willingly to address a few remarks. So willingly, in fact, that he dispatched not one Lincoln's birthday message last year, but three; that he was ready to send a special White House message even to the Supreme Convention of the Mystic Prophets of the Veiled Realm, whatever that may be; and that he dispatched a cablegram to King Boris of Bulgaria on the occasion of the latter's turning 31. If cabling the King of Bulgaria on his 31st birthday is not going out of one's way to make an opportunity to be chatty, merely for sake of being chatty, reason totters.

It is a time-honored formula imparted to local candidates for local office by their campaign managers that they scatter their speeches so as to nail on at least one occasion every local crowd which has a name. This principle Mr. Coolidge carries into national politics with great fidelity.

Thus, last year, Mr. Coolidge addressed the Germans on Mar. 12, the Norwegians on June 8, the Negroes on June 25, the Swedes on July 1, the Irish on July 21, the Latin-Americans on Oct. 28 and the Italians on Nov. 24.

Thus he addressed the Episcopalians on Jan. 18, the Jews on May 3, the Catholics on July 21, the Congregationalists on Oct. 20 and the Baptists on Dec. 14.

Thus he addressed the automobile men on Jan. 6, the building men on Jan. 12, the investment bankers on Dec. 8, the labor bankers on May 19, the newspaper editors on Jan. 17, the moving picture magnates on July 26, the marine engineers on Jan. 22, the mining engineers on Dec. 9, the mechanical engineers on Dec. 4, the farmers on Jan. 5, on May 21 and on Dec. 7.

It is as if Mr. Coolidge kept a card index of races, religions and business affiliations in his desk, and checked off entries as he went along.

And let us turn now to Mr. Coolidge, the Official Spokesman. For, as every

adult reader knows by this time, the Official Spokesman is simply Mr. Coolidge by another name: Mr. Coolidge talking to the news reporters, answering questions which seem safe and sane. What is important is the fact that the Official Spokesman really ventures now and then into the actual problems which confront the government. In January, 1925, for example, Mr. Coolidge delivered six addresses: to the farmers, to building men, to newspaper editors, to a National Women's Conference, to the Budget Organization of the government and to the Foreign Missions Convention. In these six addresses one will find much faith in the future and unbounded admiration for the United States and all its works. But one will find little about Mr. Coolidge and his policies. Such topics are reserved for the Official Spokesman.

Thus, while the President was off discussing the greatness of this and the grandeur of that, the Official Spokesman was coming down to brass tacks in the matter of the nation's public business. In this same January, he was discussing the question of gun elevation, the Paris Economic Conference, the Dawes agreement, farm legislation, departmental reorganization and a conference on armaments.

The record of this month is duplicated in the record of every other month. Except in those cases in which Mr. Coolidge has inherited a policy from someone else (the World Court from Mr. Harding, the Mellon Plan from Mr. Mellon, etc.), it is always the Official Spokesman who breaks new ground and never the President himself. It is the Official Spokesman who does the real discussing. The President himself blesses the congregation, presses the button at national exhibitions and autographs the souvenirs.

In our present system of political control in the United States the President has become a decorative monarch like George the Fifth of England. The Official Spokesman is the real Prime Minister and directing genius of the government.

No Food with My Meals

Condensed from *Liberty* (June 5, '26)

Fannie Hurst

GLORIA SWANSON, Jeritza, Douglas Fairbanks, Ethel Barrymore, Valentino and Pavlowa keep fit because it is their job to keep fit. But it is the sedentary folks, to whom the human envelope is not stock in trade, to whom this business of keeping fit is an elusive problem. The fear of public disapproval is not their incentive.

Nobody would love a fat Valentino, but who cares whether the author of this article, or the inventor of rubber heels, or the president of the City Bank is fat or thin, sallow or fair? There is no ferret-eyed public to count the crow's-feet or the sagging face muscles of Thomas Edison or Thomas Hardy, or Madame Curie or Orville Wright.

We are the folks outside the literal public eye, who confront the real problem of keeping fit. When the importance of this problem began to dawn upon me, the first thing I set about was to find a taskmaster with a pulling power equal to that of the public.

It was not easy. Nobody cared much about my human machine so long as the cogs did not actually slip enough to incapacitate me. Members of my family looked indulgently upon my tendency to overtip the scale. Long daily walks were encouraged, but only when they did not interfere with my social engagements.

And yet, all the while, growing within this lady writer were convictions that her day-by-day kind of life, desk-bound, city-bound, was diametrically opposed to sustained physical well-being. And as a person blessed with good health, with no danger signals to flash red lights, I decided that the only taskmaster who could drive me to the considerable task of not only keeping fit but improving my fitness

was to summon to my aid that trusty ally, Common Sense.

Enough common sense to realize that a sedentary life of six or seven hours a day at a desk and then six or seven hours or more at the sedentary city occupations of indoor sports—social obligations, long dinners, theaters, lectures, lengthy periods of reading, etc.—were not "well enough" to be let alone.

What stimulated me to final action was a combination of circumstances that conspired against my slothful habits: The constant reiteration in public prints of the growing awareness of the American public to the need of diet and exercise to offset the artificial scheme of modern daily life. The health stories in magazines of men and women in public life who had grown old intelligently and grandly. Observations of the effect of daily habits upon the mind and the health and the appearance of the people about me.

Three years ago I changed my habits to such an extent that the schedule of my workday is practically changed in its entirety. At first the discipline was difficult. Even now the new regime seems Spartan at times, but under it not only am I a more efficient working machine, but where I felt well before, I feel twice as fit now. I am down to what is about normal weight for me. In some cases I have achieved an actual distaste for the old taboo rich foods. I work better, sleep better, live better.

I adapted my methods to my own particular needs. I know them better than any doctor can. I know that I happen to be full of natural vitality, that I can apply more strenuous methods to attain my ends than a less bountifully endowed individual.

I not only am fit, but I keep fit. And this is my way of working it out for my particular needs:

At 6:30 A. M. a physical trainer arrives at my home and puts me through one hour of setting-up exercises. Arm, leg, and torso movements. Deep breathing. Rolling, rowing motions, etc. The moral courage to go through this routine without the flayings of this trainer, whom I call Simon Legree, is a goal toward which I am travelling.

After the departure of my Simon Legree, my bath, warm at first, then cooler and cooler with a final cold shower.

At 8:30 a breakfast consisting of the juice of one lemon and one orange in a cup of warm water. One slice of dry, whole-wheat toast and a cup of half-and-half coffee substitute and hot milk, without sugar. The first 627 breakfasts of this kind are the hardest. After that I can truthfully say one goes to it with relish.

Then to my desk. At 11 o'clock a raw apple. At 1:30 a plate of hot soup, without meat stock or fats. At 3 o'clock, just before knocking off work, a raw apple. Then one hour's walk in Central Park or along gay and busy city streets.

Afterward, between 5 and 6, a social activity such as a late tea hour, with no indulgence beyond a cup of weak tea, or preferably not even that. Another half-hour walk before dinner. A ten-minute period for "40 winks," and at 7:30 the evening meal.

I sleep six hours where eight have been prescribed for me, because I know that I require no more. I eat what amounts to one meal a day because I have learned that in my case this rule successfully applies. And in the years that I have practiced it I have turned out the greatest bulk of work of my career. I have sat through countless public and formal luncheons without touching food and have managed, under all conditions at home and abroad, to adhere to my method. A method that has not to do with weight reduction primarily, but with the accomplishment of a state of general fitness.

Every human being knows best for himself whether six hours of sleep refreshes or depresses him. Whether he can more easily reduce the size of his breakfast or his lunch. There is little doubt that certain axioms apply to almost everybody, but they need some modification.

One of the great strides toward longevity in recent years is the gradual education of the public toward a realization of the prime importance of the annual medical "once-over." Incipient disorders are thus dealt one of the worst blows in the history of the human race. The individual who submits to this annual going-over stands armed for the foe. His chances of longevity are immeasurably increased. Life insurance companies, by their development of this realization upon the individual, bid fair to become the greatest sociological benefactors of their time.

There is a stubborn old fear lurking in mankind. The "If-I-have-anything-the-matter-with-me-I-don't-want-to-know-about-it" cowardice. It is a state of mind that since the beginning of man has sent him to his grave too soon. A wise old fourth-century Greek named Aristoxenus said that the will to be well is no small part of health. Since that is true, then the will to be well is the most important determination in the world.

It is those of us who live along in fairly good health who have the really subtle battle to fight. No danger signals to guide us. No red lights. No aches. No pains. Just the lurking fellow, Common Sense, to depend upon for an occasional poke.

My process of keeping fit though fit has been a process of flagellation. After months of it, that early-morning ring at the doorbell, announcing my Simon Legree, is sufficient to make me greet my rosy dawn with a yowl of rage. But, all in all, though I whine, it has been worth it. It is worth it. It will be worth it. I believe with Aristoxenus that the will to be well is no small part of health. I WILL!

Can a Prohibition Agent Be Honest?

Condensed from *The Outlook* (June 2, '26)

Ernest W. Mandeville

CHARLES L. CARSLAKE, who served the Government for three years as a prohibition agent, made a record for seizures of trucks illegally transporting bootleg liquor. He played no favorites. Rum-runners throughout the whole State of New Jersey feared him as an efficient enforcement officer who could not be bought off. In short, he did his duty.

With what result? He was eventually eased out of the Federal service. Now as a Burlington County detective and as a private operative he continues to expose violations of the Prohibition Law, as well as other laws. Things still go pretty hard for him. A big, husky man, with splendid courage and a strong character, he stands up under it all—disillusioned, angry, and a bit discouraged, but still plugging along.

"Decent people don't realize what a Government officer who does his level best is up against," ex-Agent Carslake said to me. "We act as a bumper between decent folks and the underworld, and the underworld seems to have all the best of it as far as crack legal and financial assistance is concerned. The people don't back us up. Individuals don't seem to care anything about it until they themselves are hit between the eyes. Ordinarily they are not at all concerned.

"An agent who is at all feared by the leggers can obtain from them as much money in two weeks as he would draw from the Government in an entire year. After I had made a reputation of spotting and knocking down booze trucks I was offered \$1000 a week by the bootleggers if I would not interfere with their business. They also guaranteed to furnish me two trucks a week which I could seize so as to keep my record clean with the Federal authorities. From others I

have been offered the lump sum of \$10,000 cash to let their trucks ride. A representative of another gang offered me \$500 a week while I was standing in a district attorney's office. It is nothing at all to be offered \$1000 by the driver of a single truck captured. Even in raiding little wash-boiler stills in some old shack on a side of a hill, it is customary to be offered from \$250 to \$300 to say nothing.

"A Federal agent living on a \$2000 salary and with no private income can't drive expensive cars of twice that cost and be on the level. Why do you suppose so many are anxious to get appointed as Federal agents at this small salary? I know agents who did not have anything more than the clothes on their backs when they came into the service and who have bought tens of thousands of dollars' worth of real estate, several expensive cars, and anything that an extravagant millionaire would wish.

"I remember an instance of a man who was taken on the force, flat broke. His clothes were all worn thin, and he hardly had money to buy a lunch. In a few days he appeared in expensive clothes and displayed a diamond stickpin. While sitting in the agents' room one day, the tailor 'phoned, saying that this man's suit which had been sent to him to press contained several one-hundred-dollar bills rolled up in the vest pocket. The tailor simply wanted to notify the agent that he had found the money. All the other officers in the room burst out laughing."

This report of grafting among Federal prohibition agents can hardly be considered as news. Almost every one in and out of the Government service knows that such a condition exists. General Andrews admitted in

his testimony at the recent hearing in Washington that 875 agents, or a very large proportion of the total number, had been dismissed for this reason. The important point to note is that an agent can pile up a considerable fortune before he is caught, and then he is not prosecuted, but simply asked to resign. High officers of the Prohibition Unit have stated that the Government policy is not to bring any proceedings against a grafting agent or to have any publicity about it, but simply to require his leaving the service. Many of the ex-agents then make use of their experience by entering the bootlegging business themselves. Mr. Carslake mentioned an instance in which a rum truck was seized with an ex-prohibition director in command of it.

"A local policeman," said Mr. Carslake, "who is getting a salary of \$100 or so a month and who is keeping up a home finds it hard to withstand the argument of the bootleggers, which runs something as follows: 'You have to live as well as I do. I am doing my best to keep my family in funds. This is a bum law, anyway. You have got a right to take care of your kids too, so why not take this \$25 or \$50 and lay off? We'll take care of you on our weekly pay-roll.'"

The prohibition agent also receives many threats of bodily harm; and he is quite well aware that in some cases he is dealing with desperate characters who would not hesitate to put him out of the way. "Several bootleggers told me," said Mr. Carslake, "that they would see to it that I died with my shoes on."

"There would be a good chance of enforcing this law to a reasonably high degree of efficiency if the Government would adopt the policy of locking a man up when it gets something on him. At the present time the moral fiber in this country seems to be very, very thin. With politics and the underworld hooked up together and so much underground influence working throughout the department, I don't think there is a chance of the law being enforced. If officialdom were

knocked out, I think it could be done. It would have to be put up to the local people, however. A good deal of the red tape would have to be done away with. Some of the directors of public safety and other local officers would have to be sent to jail. I don't think there would be much trouble in making a good showing in enforcement if it was gone at in earnest.

"The honest agent is too greatly hampered in his efforts. If you tread on the toes of men higher up or their friends, you are immediately called off. At various times the entire force of agents would be stationed on guard duty at certain out-of-the-way places, and, although we had no proof of the fact that we were being put there to be kept out of the way for some large movement of liquor, we all felt sure that that was the reason. Whenever I would get particularly active in knocking off a few of the beer trucks that pass over a certain road each night I would get a telegram ordering me to some other part of the State. About half my time was spent upon the trains, going from point to point, for no particular reason that I could figure out, except to keep me out of the way. Upon one occasion I was taken off the road, where I had been making a great many seizures, and placed on warehouse duty for five days. Every bootlegger in the State knew it, and when I happened to make an arrest while off duty the rum-runner said: 'I thought you were in the warehouse. What are you doing here?' Sometimes I would get the same beer-truck driver as many as six or eight times. I have heard of trucks being released when it was claimed the samples taken from the trucks were near-beer, and not real beer. We all knew, though it would be difficult to prove, that somewhere along the line these samples of near-beer had been exchanged for the samples of high-powered beer seized.

"Can you blame me for being pretty sore? The good people don't back us up. It is a pretty discouraging proposition, I can tell you."

Americana

Excerpts from The American Mercury

Professor William Lyon Phelps says in the June Scribner's: "If a foreigner judged America by the 'Americana' in The American Mercury, he would think we were a nation of block-heads; if he judged America by the 'Intelligentsiana' in McNaught's Monthly, he would think we were maniacs." [Excerpts from "Intelligentsiana" appeared in the June issue of The Reader's Digest.]

ARIZONA: Contribution to polite American by the Wickenburg correspondent of the Prescott Journal-Miner:

Mrs. Rosa Ellis, nee Wilson, nee Miller, proprietor of the Ellis Cafe, was a Phoenix visitor.

ARKANSAS: Aesthetic note from the State university:

Paul Whiteman was first and Beethoven second in a plebiscite recently taken of the student body of the University of Arkansas to determine "the world's greatest musician." For third place, there was a tie between Paderevski and Henry D. Tovey, director of the musical department of the University.

CALIFORNIA: Los Angeles the magnificent holds her ground:

Memorial services were held here at the exclusive Breakfast Club for Elizabeth Greis, famous eight-year-old mare owned by W. W. Mines, prominent real estate dealer and horse-breeder, which died of pneumonia several days ago. One hundred and fifty members of the club, including outstanding persons in the business and social life of Los Angeles, stood with bowed heads while the club's president offered prayer for the departed animal.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA: Progress of the Higher Learning in the nation's capital, as revealed by a notice in Printer's Ink:

The National School of Bricklaying, Washington, D. C., has placed its advertising account with the Tauber Advertising Agency. Plans are being prepared for a magazine advertising campaign on the school's correspondence course in bricklaying.

ILLINOIS: From the eminent Chicago Tribune:

At one of the rehearsals for Miss Marget Shaw's wedding today to Dean Stanchfield Arnold it was noticed that the stairway in the Shaw place at Lake Geneva where the ceremony is to take place, and down which the bridal party is to walk, consisted of 13 steps. In order that not the slightest omen of bad luck might attend his daughter's nuptials, Mr. Shaw immediately ordered that another step be constructed.

INDIANA: The luxurious finish of a Terre Haute Ptolemy:

A telephone and electric lights have been stored in the mausoleum in which the body of Martin A. Sheets, stock broker, was entombed here. Sheets asked before his death that his tomb be so equipped that he might have opportunity to talk with the outside world if he should awaken in it.

Associated Press dispatch from the town of Goshen:

A. E. Kundred, gladiolus grower of Goshen, has been banned from the strict orthodox church he attended. The church cast out Mr. Kundred because authorities decided that in hybridizing his gladioli to produce new varieties he was interfering with the divine scheme of things.

Note on the state of civilization among Indiana Men of Vision, from a Boonville dispatch:

There are those who carry a rabbit's foot for good luck, but around Boonville the buckeye is preferred. At the Kiwanis club luncheon a check showed that 73 out of the 80 members present had in their pockets a buckeye. Some have been carrying them for 20 years.

IOWA: Raising the level of life in Des Moines:

The champion long range gum spitter of Des Moines will be crowned here. The Junior Chamber of Commerce will have its annual smoker, and the gum spitting contest will be one of the principal events. Each contestant will be given a nickel's worth of gum, and the one able to shoot the wad the farthest will be crowned champion.

Patriotic outburst of the Hon. O. S. Bailey, editor of the Waukon Republican and Standard:

One good Allamakee county farm girl who feeds the calves every morning, slops the hogs, and cares for the chickens, then perhaps walks a mile or two and teaches county school all day until time to repeat the farm chores in the evening, has more purity of heart, loveliness of character and real honest-to-goodness Godliness and womanliness in her make-up than the whole "royal" caboodle of Europe.

KANSAS: Gala event among the solid citizens of Pleasanton:

At the noon-day luncheon of the Chamber of Commerce R. S. Leavitt, who had just returned from Washington, made a report of his trip and the interesting features, among which was a visit to the White House, where he shook hands with the President. A motion was made and duly seconded that Mr. Leavitt stand at the door of the banquet room as the diners filed out and allow each to shake the hand that had grasped the hand of the President of the United States.

Intellectual activities of the ladies of Cherokee, as reported by the Sentinel of that flourishing town:

The Cultural Club of Monmouth met on the 16th at the home of Mattie Boore. Twenty-seven members were present and exchanged towels.

MARYLAND: From the advertising columns of the Cumberland Daily News:

\$1 DAY AT THE COURT HOUSE: In keeping with the Dollar Day Community Event here, Lloyd L. Shaffer, Clerk of the Court, announces that all persons from Allegany County applying for marriage licenses today will pay one dollar only. Reduced from \$2.

KENTUCKY: Boy Scout activities in the Blue Grass, as described in a dispatch from Lexington:

Sheriff Fuller announced today that arrangements had been completed for the hanging of Ed. Harris, a Negro, next Friday morning in the county jail-yard. The noose has been tied by T. C. Fuller, the sheriff's 14-year-old son, who learned knot and noose tying as a Boy Scout.

MASSACHUSETTS: How Boston is regaining her old reputation as the cultural center of America, as revealed by a United States News dispatch:

A college course for washerwomen, designed to do away with all knuckle-scraping rubbing over wash tubs, is being organized

by the State university extension division here.

NEBRASKA: Scientific announcement from the eminent State Journal of Lincoln:

DR. GEORGE S. GEE, D.C., N. D. Treats all kinds of diseases with electricity, heat, massage and chiropractic. Free examination and a diet list for every patient. Free children's clinic. Special rates for college students. S. & H. Green Trading Stamps are given. 305 Brownell Bldg.

NEW YORK: From the want columns of the celebrated Graphic:

***MOTION PICTURE** studio job wanted. ambitious 17-year-old boy, half lower jaw missing, comical appearance, desires to become comedian. Box G. 482 Graphic.

*Star indicates that advertiser has been examined by the Graphic Vocational Expert and is especially indorsed as well qualified for the work indicated.

OKLAHOMA: Aesthetic note from the Daily Oklahoman of Oklahoma City:

The State Fair will give a prize of \$25 to the boy whose red hair comes nearest to matching the hair of a Duroc-Jersey hog.

OREGON: Report of an extraordinary biological phenomenon in the Burns Times-Herald:

We wish to thank the many kind friends for their flowers and kind expressions of sympathy at the death of our little son.

Mr. and Mrs. Glen Clemens
Mr. and Mrs. Cal Clemens
Mr. and Mrs. Clay Clemens
Mrs. Chas. Cronin
Mr. and Mrs. Ray Smith

PENNSYLVANIA: New world's champion discovered in intellectual Philadelphia:

CHAMPION COOK OF THE WORLD

In Famous Demonstration
Catch, kill, pick, wash, drip, dip in egg batter and cracker dust and cook and eat a two pound and a quarter chicken in less than five minutes

AT
LIBERTY HALL
UNIVERSAL NEGRO IMPROVEMENT
ASSOCIATION

An Exhibition Seen Only Once in a Lifetime

WISCONSIN: News item from the Daily Cardinal, the journal of the State University:

The co-eds of Bradley Polytechnic are holding a suppressed desire dance for co-eds only.

JEROME DAVIS (p. 133) is professor of practical philanthropy in the Yale Divinity School, and author of two books, *The Russian Immigrant*, and *The Russians and Ruthenians in America*.

FRANK R. KENT (p. 131) well-known political writer, is vice-president of the Baltimore Sun.

HUGH A. STUDDERT KENNEDY (p. 135), after acting for some time as London correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor*, proceeded to Boston and became associated with that journal as foreign editor and editorial writer. Mr. Kennedy has maintained contact with statesmen and leading figures in many countries, which in no way precludes his interest in homely social problems. He is at present working on a book dealing with the life and work of his brother, the Rev. G. A. Studdert Kennedy, well-known writer.

GEORGE MARVIN (p. 137) met Seichiro Asano, industrial magnate of Japan, during his recent stay in Japan. Mr. Marvin has previously contributed to Asia a series of articles on the great Mitsui family of Japan.

CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL (p. 143) is a journalist, lecturer, author of many important books, and citizen of the world. Member of the Special Diplomatic Mission that we sent to Russia in 1917; commissioner to Great Britain for United States Commission on Public Information; member of the President's Industrial Commission.

CORNELIA JAMES CANNON (p. 145) has written many papers for *The Atlantic* and other magazines, and is the wife of Professor Walter B. Cannon of the Harvard Medical School, the distinguished investigator of surgical shock and of the activities of the endocrine glands.

ROSITA FORBES (p. 149) is a remarkable personality. Aside from having written several authentic travel novels and a fascinating biography of a Moroccan bandit she enjoys the unique distinction of being one of the only two white women to penetrate the heart and soul of Abyssinia. Miss Forbes has been a prisoner in China; has traveled all over India, and was the first white woman to cross the African desert on a camel.

A. MAUDE ROYDEN (p. 151) was long active in the suffrage movement in England; she is the author of that widely discussed book, *Sex and Common Sense*, and assistant preacher at the City Temple, London, from 1917 to 1920, and reputed to be the most eloquent woman in England today.

ALBERT JAY NOCK (p. 157) was formerly an editor of *The Freeman* and wrote many of its most brilliant editorials.

FRANK R. ARNOLD (p. 161) is professor of modern language at the Utah Agricultural College, which position he has held since 1906. Prior to that time, he also saw co-education in action at the University of Chicago as student and instructor. He graduated from Bowdoin College in 1893. He later attended the universities of Paris, Bordeaux, and Göttingen.

RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD (p. 173) was formerly the U. S. Ambassador to Italy.

PAUL BLANSHARD (p. 181) spent three months in Russia recently. He is at present attached to the staff of *The Nation*.

CHARLES MERZ (p. 185), a graduate of Yale (1915), has been a member of the editorial staff of *The New Republic*, *Harper's Weekly*, and the *New York World*.

FANNIE HURST (p. 187) for years has been one of the most prolific writers in America. Her energy is amazing, and short stories, articles, novels, and movie scenarios continue to come from her pen with bewildering rapidity.

ERNEST W. MANDEVILLE (p. 189) has contributed a series of articles to *The Outlook* on the liquor situation, both in this country and in England.

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